# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## RELEASED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. LADD.

She lay with her white arms folded
Across in a meek embrace,
And a light and beauty immortal
Spread over her pale young face.

We felt that this world's dull prison
Held captive a soul that pined,
And the eyes that were onward gazing
Were leaving no glance behind.

And yet we prayed she might linger,
And hoped for a respite brief—
Could she but stay 'till Autumn,
And fade with the falling leaf.

But our love was only cheating
Conviction that gave us pain,
For a beautiful form white-shrouded
Soon was where she once had lain.

# PEMBERTON;

OR,

# One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.


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## PART SECOND.

### CHAPTER XI.

*Men are my counters, and I play the game*
*With red or blue. My winnings are the same*
*If red king conquer, or blue sweep the board;*
*All goes to make my triumph and my hoard.*

When Helen came down to breakfast the next morning, she seemed as well and blooming as ever. She expected an avalanche of questions from Pemberton, but it was not possible to avoid it, and therefore she thought she might as well meet the onset at once, and have it over. Scarcely had she and Isabella taken their seats, than Arthur began.

"I am delighted to see you looking so well again, Miss Helen. I feared last night that you were about having an attack of some serious illness."

"I feel pretty well again, Arthur, thank you," replied Helen. "Do you think it will rain to-day? It looks very cloudy."

"It does look lowering. I should not be surprised if it rained cats and dogs—or even snakes," added he, smiling.

Helen had managed up-stairs to avoid an explanation with her sister, but now Isabella broke in:—

"Of all ridiculous things, Helen, the idea that you should faint at seeing a snake! I would not believe it, unless—unless—"

"The snake were to tell you so," added Arthur, now laughing outright.

"I don't see, Bella, why I should not have the privilege of fainting at sight of a snake—a very big one"—

"A perfect Anaconda, with horns," interrupted Pemberton.

"Just the same as other young ladies," continued Helen demurely, finishing her sentence.

"Nonsense, Helen, how can you be so foolish!" exclaimed her sister, a little impatiently.

"Shall I tell you what I overheard a young lady say?" asked Pemberton.

"I have not the least wish to hear any of the idle gossip of a ball-room," replied Helen, with dignity.

"She said she did not believe you had seen any snake—that you had been trying to attract the General's attention all the evening—and simply fainted, in order to have him carry you in his arms into the house."

Helen straightened herself up indignantly. "If that young lady will tell me that to my face, I will box her ears for her," exclaimed she, her eyes flashing.

"That would never do, Helen—every one would then be certain you had not fainted at mere sight of a snake."

"Arthur—there is no use in teasing Helen any more," said Isabella appealingly. "She is too sensible a girl to faint for nothing; and if she does not choose to tell us, why I, for one, am very well content to know nothing about it."

Helen was sitting next to her sister, and at these words, she put one arm around her, and leaned over and kissed her. "Bella, you are a perfect woman," said she fondly; "and I'm only sorry that there is not a man in the world that even begins to be worthy of you."

"That is so!" said Mrs. Pemberton heartily, who had been employed in pouring out the coffee and chocolate.

"My opinion also, to a notch," added Pemberton.

"And Isabella is perfectly right as to your teasing Helen, Arthur," continued Mrs. Pemberton.

"No doubt you are right, mother," replied Arthur laughing. "But I really believe myself, that Helen was decidedly smitten with Washington—and he with her; and if he were a younger man, and there were no Mrs. Washington—and plenty of snakes—there is no telling what might happen." Arthur seemed to enjoy the matter hugely.

"I was very much pleased with General Washington indeed," said Helen, with dignity. "I thought him one of the grandest and noblest men I had ever seen—and I felt honored that he seemed to like me."

"Oh, my!—what are we coming to?" cried Pemberton. "Such a good Tory as you used to be, Helen—and he the very head and chief of Rebels. What would Captain Andre say?"

"Captain! Major, if you please," replied Helen, proudly.

"Major, indeed! why who told you that, Helen?" asked Pemberton.

"A little bird brought me the news."

"Are you certain it was not the snake? Well, I am very glad to hear it—but what would the gallant Major say, to hear you talk thus of the chief of the Rebels?

"I regret very much indeed that General Washington is a rebel," said Helen.

"And so do I," joined in Mrs. Pemberton.

"But Rebel as he is," continued Helen, "mistaken as he is in that one great respect, I should be false to myself, if I did not confess the very highest respect and admiration for him. And if John André knew him, I am sure he would say the same."

"I will not tease you any more after that, Helen," said Pemberton; "I really have not the heart to do it. Only admire Washington, and you may faint at all the snakes at Springettsbury; all of which I expect could be put in a good-sized thimble."

The conversation here diverged in another direction, and Helen, having run the gauntlet, was allowed to rest in peace. Those who know what most family gauntlets are, may think she got off very easily. But not every Helen has a sister like Isabella, to speak the right, sisterly word at the right time for her. Oh, ye brave and kindly hearts that read this, will you not oftener imitate Isabella; and interpose your shield when some unfortunate sister or brother is running the family gauntlet?

Breakfast over, Helen felt that she must try to see Captain Fanny. No arrangement had been made for such a meeting, but she had little doubt she would find her at Mrs. Malone's as usual; and as the lowering clouds had lightened, and gave every indication of breaking away, she donned her street attire, and leaving the house by the garden, proceeded down to South street.

Mrs. Malone was, as before, in front of the house. She did not receive Helen with her usual good-humored smile and salutation, but appeared to eye her rather suspiciously. To her question if Fanny were at home, she answered in the negative—but said that Fanny's mother, who had come to town for a few days, was inside, and perhaps could tell her how soon she would be in.

As Helen entered, she saw the old lady in question, sitting by the fire, as if its heat was pleasant to her aged frame, though the morning was rather warm than otherwise. She seemed a much older woman than Mrs. Malone; the thin gray locks straggling out from under her white cap, while her form was bent, and she moved feebly and as if with pain.

"Will Fanny soon be in?" inquired Helen.

"And is it you, me swate, that is Miss Hilen Gra'me?" asked the old woman.

"I am Helen Graham."

"Will, me swate, Fanny lift a missage for ye. She wants to know, me swate, be you playin' her true, or be ye playin' her false?"

"How dare she tell you to ask me such a question as that?" replied Helen indignantly.

"Don't get angry now, me swate"—said the old woman, in a thin, tremulous voice—"but, after the last night, Fanny says she's afeard of you. An' she wint off, list you should find a file of sogers for her this mornin'."

"She is not in the least danger," answered Helen, her sincerity expressing itself in every tone and feature; "I am not in the habit of betraying people. Tell her that she might be sure of that, after last night."

"I will till her at wunst—for sure an' I b'lave she's jist upstairs, me swate," said the old woman; and she rose from her seat, and made her way up the stairs, with rather more agility than Helen had thought possible in one apparently so infirm and decrepid.

Some time elapsed, and as Helen heard only one person moving about in the room above, and no murmured conversation, she began to wonder at the delay, and whether Fanny really were in the house. But at length a step was heard on the stairs, and Fanny herself came tripping down, attired as she was when Helen had first seen her.

"And so you were afraid I had betrayed you, Fanny?" cried Helen, in a half-chiding, half-reproachful tone.

"It is better to be on the safe side, my leddy—and you broke your promise to the party."

"There was nothing said about drugging, Fanny. I could not sit still and see so noble a man poisoned like a rat."

"He is a very strong man, my leddy—and would give half-a-dozen of the boys a dale of trouble to manage," replied Fanny. And then as if with a sudden thought she added—"besides, my leddy, you were mistaken, that wine was jist as good, innocent wine as Ave ever gave to Adam in Adem."

"What did you mean, then, by that look of warning you gave me?"

"Bless your heart, my leddy, I gave you no look of warnin'—I only looked to say it was time for your leddyship to git hold of the Ginral's sword," and Fanny gazed straight into Helen's eyes, with that look of perfect innocence which some unwise people say that guilt cannot counterfeit.

Helen of course believed that Fanny was lying to her, but she saw no use in trying to make Fanny admit it. She had had sufficient experience of that kind of people, to know that it would be labor wasted. So she simply said,

"Did any one recognize you in your negro disguise, Fanny?"

"Niver a one of them," replied Fanny, laughing. "Oh, but it was capital diversion. Half-a-dozen of them officers knew me—and the Ginral himself—but not one of them had ever seen me as a man, to say nothing of a nagur."

"When I met you here that day, dressed up like a man, I was not quite certain for a little while myself, whether you were a man or a woman. But I see now that you are really one of my own quick-witted sex."

"Yes, indade, an' I should scorn to be anything else," cried Fanny, with quite a show of feminine dignity.

We give this week a carefully engraved picture of an auroral light seen sometime since at Nulato, Yukon River, Alaska. These aërial illuminations can be seen in their greatest splendor in this northern land we have lately added to our own.

"I suppose, however, you find your masculine garb at times a great convenience as well as safeguard."

"Yes, my leddy, and that is the only raison could induce me to wear it. It half breaks my heart at times—my modesty is so shocked, my leddy."

"I should think it would be," replied Helen, sympathizingly. "Do you go soon to New York again?"

"In two or three days, my leddy. What shall I tell them, about the plan's failing?"

"Tell them I found that I was not the right stuff to make a Judith of. But I will write to—to him, and tell him myself all about it. I'll bring the letter to-morrow or next day."

"I don't think, mesilf, you're the right stuff to make a Judy of," said Fanny with emphasis. "And yit it was a splendiferous plan. But then it would of made an ind of the war—and that would been bad."

"Bad!" exclaimed Helen.

"I only mane it would put an ind to a great dale of fun," said Fanny thoughtfully.

"It is the kind of fun I should like to put an end to," replied Helen earnestly, rising to leave.

"Yes, my leddy—no doubt you are right. It's a terrible state of affairs—men killin' and slaughterin' each other, jist like so many hogs," rejoined the easily converted Fanny.

It was as much as the Captain could do, to restrain his mirth until Helen had got beyond hearing distance, after her departure. As he rehearsed in memory her feminine expressions of sympathy, he was delighted beyond measure. If it had been a man, or a woman of his own social rank, whom he had thus egregiously deceived, he would not have been so vastly delighted—but Miss Helen Graham, whom every one knew to be renowned as much for her wit as for her beauty, a woman of women, to have passed himself off on her first as an old, and then again as a young woman, in the course of a single hour, this was a feather in the Captain's cap indeed, of which he was proud beyond measure.

As to the failure of the plan to capture Washington, he cared very little about it; for it had, as we have shown, from his point of view, its bad as well as its good side. Why Helen had acted as she had, now that it was evident she had not gone over to the enemy, puzzled the Captain not a little. It might be that she had taken a sudden fancy to Washington—women often did such things. Or she might really have seen a snake, and been scared out of her senses by it—the bravest of women were such cowards. But, whatever was the explanation, it made, as we have said, but little difference to the Captain. He had been paid well, and had got through scot-free, and that was enough for him. What now was to be the next game on the table? Another plan to capture Washington, or one on the other side to bag Sir Henry Clinton? It mattered but little to the Captain what it was, so it did not touch Major André, and one or two others on the British side, and about as many on the American. Whichever party succeeded, he meant to win. The war was a piece of nonsense all around—like a fight at Donnybrook Fair. But it was capital sport for all that, and afforded great room for the display of the Captain's peculiar genius—including his theatrical ability, his readiness at lying, and his almost perfect impartiality between the contending parties. In the Captain's view, although he never had read Shakspeare,

"The world was but a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

### CHAPTER XII.

"Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action. * * * *
But not to the traitor can I yield a pardon."
—*Max in Wallenstein.*

Through Helen's instrumentality, as we have said, a direct correspondence had been opened between Major André and General Arnold. So far, however, nothing very important had come of it. Arnold, it was evident, hesitated to pass the Rubicon. The correspondence was secret, and under feigned names, and he might withdraw from it at any time. And even if he had decided upon imitating the *role* of General Monk, he was not at present in a situation to do so.

It is not a slight matter, even for a man naturally bold and unscrupulous, to desert the cause to which he has attached himself, and the friends to whom he is bound by ties of affection and gratitude, and become a villain and a traitor in their sight. And Arnold was not utterly unscrupulous. His motto, which he had attached to the sign which he hung out, when as a young man he commenced the business of a druggist at New Haven, was *Sibi Totique*, and the meaning he evidently attached to it was, *For himself and for all*. He was, perhaps, for himself first, but he would rather also be for all. If he had to choose between his own claims, and the claims of his country, which would he prefer above the other? That was not an entirely easy question to answer—for he had exposed his own life, none more often, in his country's service; and even in the midst of his great pecuniary difficulties, had assumed and regularly paid the expense of educating Gen. Warren's children.

Arnold, like most men of great force and ability, was too much of an enigma to be deciphered at a breath.

But his debts were pressing. He could see no way out of his pecuniary troubles.

One way—not the most honorable, and yet not the most dishonorable—had suggested itself. And it had failed.

He had applied to the French Minister in Philadelphia—had stated his great need, and requested a loan; and had been politely but firmly refused.

He had not said to the French Minister, "the borrower is servant to the lender;" but the French Minister had replied—though in kindly terms, for he was a great admirer of Arnold—as if he had said it, and had declined to accept his servitude.

It had galled Arnold to the quick. His thoughts reverted again with added impetus to the British offers. If successful—a title, money, high position. But he must dignify these desirable things, even to himself, by the plea of true and real patriotism.

The country was exhausted. Agriculture was depressed. There was no trade. The Continental money still depreciated month by month—"faster than a fast horse could trot," was a common saying. Thousands of professed patriots were ready to throw up their hats and welcome the restoration of the royal rule—especially if coupled with a substantial abandonment of the obnoxious British claims. All that was needed to inaugurate a rebellion against the rebellion, was some decisive success of the British arms.

If that could be attained without bloodshed—as Monk's triumph was attained—all the better; by far the better.

And so a plan gradually evolved itself in the dark depths of his determined and sagacious mind. He could not have a separate command in the field—it was not possible. But the Hudson river divided the Middle and Southern States from the peculiarly rebellious East. The strong Fortress of West Point—the Gibraltar of America—dominated the Hudson river, and the roads by which the Eastern and the Middle States were united. Could he not obtain the command of West Point—allow himself, by a well-planned arrangement, to be surprised, and yield up the fort with its defenders, and its stores of military material, without bloodshed? If a proper time were chosen, this might also involve the peaceable surrender of a portion of the allied French and American Army.

On the heels of such a blow, which would naturally dishearten the most ardent patriot, let the British Commander offer the most liberal and generous terms—a full pardon to all, and everything in fact, except independence. Then he, Arnold, could come out in a Manifesto to his countrymen, urging them, as the part of true wisdom, to accept the British offers; himself, for one, accepting them. Other officers, with whom he should have made interest, would follow suit; the Continental troops would desert; the Rebellion rapidly melt away; and in one month's time, perhaps, the French army be forced to capitulate, and the British rule be fully re-established.

If the affair were well managed and successful, he might possibly be suspected by a few, but they would be careful to conceal their suspicions. What rewards should be heaped upon his head by the British Ministry, would be naturally accounted for by his being the first officer of high rank to abandon the American cause, and to renew his allegiance. Washington would of course be made Viceroy, if he did not hold out too long, and were willing to accept the position. But he would not accept it—any one well acquainted with his character could foretell that. Who then more likely to be made Viceroy than the man who had planned the whole movement, and brought it, by his daring and sagacious course, to a triumphant issue?

So Arnold reasoned—and almost grasped, in his imagination, at times, a King's delegated sceptre.

His need of money, his ambition, his love for his young wife, all tempted him. His hatred of Congress, his Court-Martial, his fierce anger at the apparent contempt manifested for him and his services, all pushed him on. What held him back? Honor—faithfulness to his friends, and especially to Washington, who had always been a friend in his hour of trouble—the natural dislike of a brave man to change side—the fear of possible failure, and of the utter contempt in which he would then be held, especially if his countrymen ultimately succeeded in the contest—all these considerations held him to the narrow path of duty.

Why was it the path of Duty? Had not Arnold a right to change his mind, and act in accordance with that change? If any British officer had become convinced that the cause of the Colonies was right and just, would it have been wrong in him to desert the British flag, and fight thereafter under the stripes and stars? Had not General Charles Lee done this with the universal acclaim of the most honorable men in the Colonies?

We answer that General Arnold had a perfect right to change his mind, and to act in accordance with his new convictions. But, before moving a step, he should have resigned his commission in the Continental Army. Honor required that he should be "off with the old love, before he was on with the new." When his resignation had been accepted, he was once more a free man—and had the same right to join the British forces as Beverley Robinson and thousands of others, whose persons were always held sacred when captured by their offended countrymen.

But all men hate a Traitor. Even those that love and profit by the Treason, can hardly avoid hating the Traitor. For, even if the cause be good which his treason serves, he injures another and far greater cause—the common trust and faith of man in man—so deeply, that the evil done to universal man far transcends the little benefit that he may confer upon a few. For without that common faith and trust, how shall human society be held together? Even a band of robbers cannot exist without it. And how shall communities and kingdoms exist, and make treaties of peace and commerce with each other, if treason be not considered one of the greatest crimes that man can act towards man? Human nature instinctively revolts from it, as from a violation of one of nature's most sacred laws—a spiritual law of gravitation and human cohesion.

But it is one of the many curious contradictions—generally more apparent than real—which meet us in life, that while all men agree in this, they also generally agree that it is perfectly allowable to profit by treason done to an avowed enemy. Just as even an honorable man, if a military commander, hesitates not to deceive the foe by false reports, cunningly devised letters, insidious actions, so he also profits by the use of spies, and even by the perjuries of traitors, if he can. Washington was one of the most honorable of men, but he never scrupled to use all these means; though no treason to the British, on anything like so large a scale as that of Arnold's, ever offered itself to his acceptance. If it had, there is little doubt that however much he might have despised the traitor, he would have felt it his duty to accept the treason. In fact, the employment of spies involves nearly the same principles. Each party in the Revolution, as in all wars, hung a spy when caught, almost on sight, and without compunction—and each party employed spies by the score, if not by the hundreds. What a curious inconsistency! to hang men for that which you are daily hiring other men to perform, and which you are honoring some, like Captain Hale, for doing!

But, as we have said, these contradictions, which we find in life—and even more especially in the concentrated life of war—are more apparent than real. In war the two parties agree, as it were, to deceive each other—to a certain extent. Each General deceives his opponent by false pretenses of various kinds—this is lawful; it is in accordance with the rules of the game. He may even ask to treat for a surrender, his real object being not to surrender at all, but simply to gain time. But when he deals directly with the enemy, he must adhere strictly to his plighted word. He says, it is my right to employ spies. It is your privilege to shoot or hang them, if you can. If I can seduce any of your officers from his duty, I shall certainly do so. Of course you will hang him, if you find him out. But when I say in so many words to you, that I will agree to a certain thing—be it a truce, a capitulation, a guarantee of safety, or what ever it may be—then I will hold to my word, though the earth quake and the heavens fall. And this is the rock of Trust in the midst of the false and treacherous waves of war. And the falseness, and treachery, and lying, and deceit, are in a manner justified, for they are mutually understood to be allowable in this terrible and deadly game.

## PART THIRD.

### CHAPTER I.

*If so thou playest with edged tools, beware*
*Sharp edge and treacherous point.*

The Autumn season of 1780 had come, and the trees along the magnificent Hudson were beginning to array themselves in their yellow and crimson robes, when two gentlemen sat conversing in the private office attached to the head-quarters of the British Commander, in the city of New York.

The war was still undetermined. The British forces had apparently succeeded in reducing to subjection the Carolinas and Georgia. Gates had been defeated at Camden, and the laurels awarded to him, but not fairly won, at Saratoga, stripped from his brow—though the gallantry of the regular troops from Delaware and Maryland, led by the brave but unfortunate De Kalb, had maintained the honor of the Continental arms. The allied French and American forces had also made a second failure—their attack on Savannah being repulsed; one portion of the French fleet soon afterwards setting sail for home, and the other for the West Indies.

Affairs were not looking bright for the States. Their army was small, and they had no money but the Continental currency, the depreciation of which had become fearful. Seventy dollars now in paper would go no further than one in silver. And when it is considered that not only provisions and all the munitions of war were to be purchased with such a currency, but that the troops were to be paid with it at its legal value, it is wonderful how the first could be obtained at all, and how the army could be kept together. It required four months' pay of a private to buy a bushel of wheat, and a common laborer could earn four times the pay of an officer. Of course those officers who had not private means, could not keep up an appearance suitable to their rank; and cases were not unfrequent when officers would live on bread and cheese, rather than take their share of meat from their men's scanty allowance.

That mutiny and desertion in such a state of affairs should become common, is not to be wondered at. That a large proportion of the community should become disheartened, and ready for peace on any terms, is what might naturally have been expected. Who can wonder that Washington should write at that time to those who had his confidence,—"The prospect is gloomy. The storm threatens. Now is the decisive moment. I have almost ceased to hope."

There was a probability of France and Spain becoming discouraged, laying the blame of the repeated failures of the allied arms on the Colonies, and making a separate peace with England. New York had been menaced by a combined attack, but the arrival of Sir George Rodney's fleet, had given the British again the superiority at sea, and the attack was postponed.

At this juncture, a great success on one side or the other, might virtually decide the contest. For if the States were exhausted, England was tired and disheartened by the stubborn resistance she had met with. She had found foemen worthy of her steel—chips off her own tough British block—and the boast that a few thousand British regulars could march through America from one end to the other, was riddled by the guns that tore the ranks of the adventurous Burgoyne.

All these facts, and the exact situation of affairs, were well understood by the two gentlemen to whom we have alluded: for one of them was our old acquaintance, Captain André—now, however, Major, and Adjutant-General of the British army—while the other was his Commander, as well as patron and friend, Sir Henry Clinton.

"You have everything prepared for your trip, Major, I suppose?" asked Sir Henry, a short and rather corpulent man, with a round face and prominent nose—not a handsome man, by any means, though his countenance indicated the possession of much kindness and amiability.

"Yes, Sir Henry; I am ready to start by to-morrow, early."

"I am almost disposed to forbid it, even at this last moment," said his Commander. "Were it not for Arnold's almost peremptory demand that you, or some other officer of his own mensuration, should meet him personally to arrange matters, I would

forbid it. It not only involves danger to you, but may provoke suspicion and inquiry."

"I beg that your Excellency will not think of the danger to me," returned André, proudly. "I am a soldier, and prepared to take the risks of a soldier's life, in the way of my duty."

"One thing must be understood however, fully and clearly," replied his general. "There is to be no going into the enemy's lines, no assuming of a disguise, no carrying of important papers. You know how careful I was as to this last, in Commissary Clark's case."

"There shall be nothing of the kind, Sir Henry. He is to meet me on board the Vulture. If he does not come, I shall agree to no arrangement involving the risk of being considered a spy. I know too well the temper of the Colonists, to give them a chance of retaliating for Captain Hale."

"Retaliating for Hale! Why, Major, do you not know that they have hung not only Lieutenant Palmer, but at least seven others since Hale's execution? I was greatly pleased the other day when Washington asked me to spare that last spy we caught, as I hope it will put an end to all these barbarous hangings. I thank God that I have not put a single man to death in that way, since I have had command of his Majesty's forces."

"I did not know, I will confess, Sir Henry, that the record of humanity in that respect, stood so largely in our favour. For my part, it seems rather inconsistent to hang spies, at the same time that we employ so many. I can conceive how a perfectly honorable man can act as a spy, and I suppose both Hale and Palmer were such—but still I have not much liking for that branch of the soldier's profession."

"Well, my dear boy, take care you keep out of it. But if we have made no mistake in our man, what excuse can he possibly give the rebels for meeting either you or Robinson on board the Vulture. It certainly will cause suspicion?"

"I admit the risk of that, Sir Henry."

"He will find, when he thinks longer upon it, that it will not do. He will probably propose some other place of meeting. Now, Major, I repeat it again, go neither within their lines, nor put off your uniform. You know there is a possibility that he really means to betray us at the last moment, instead of the rebels."

"I think not, Sir Henry. But of course there is a possibility of it. For that reason I am the more anxious to meet him, and judge for myself of the honesty of the man. If I am entrapped, that will amount to but little—but to have a large detachment of the army entrapped, would be, at this critical moment, a very serious matter indeed."

"Yes, Major, I see that you must go. And if, when you meet him, you could manage to get something in his handwriting that would seriously compromise him with the rebels, I should not fear so much his backing-out at the last moment."

"I will try to do so," replied André.

"Of course you will arrange with him the plan of attack, so that resistance will be almost impossible. And if we could manage to surround the Fortress while Washington was there, and capture him also, I think it would finish the war at a blow."

"If Washington is not there, Arnold might send to him for reinforcements. Knowing the value of West Point, he would probably head them himself; and then, if the post should be surrendered just before he arrived, and the proper dispositions made by your Excellency, he might be surrounded and taken prisoner with his whole detachment. This certainly would end the war."

"Major, you shall be made Brigadier, at least, when that happens," said Clinton warmly.

"Thank you, Sir Henry. I will not say that I am not ambitious—because I am. But I will say that I am perfectly willing to leave all such questions to your generosity, and that of my King and Country. So far, you have rewarded me beyond my deserts—and I am truly grateful. But what shall I say to Arnold? One great object of his in meeting me, no doubt, is the settling of his reward, beyond all after cavil. In fact, he hinted in one of his letters, that the ready money would be very acceptable."

"No—no—I am too old a bird to run the risk of being caught with chaff," replied Sir Henry. "He must be content with the word of a British officer. That is the reason he so strongly urged that you should come, Major. See what it is to have a reputation!" And the General smiled kindly on his favorite Aidecamp.

"What am I empowered to offer him?" continued André.

"Offer him £30,000 in case of success, and an equal rank with his present one in the British army. And if the result is, as we trust, the overthrow of the rebellion, tell him that his services shall be duly considered in the appointment of the new officers for the Colonies. As to the general plan of Pacification proposed, you already understand that fully. The Colonies shall have everything they have heretofore contended for."

"I infer there are other officers who will follow his lead. What of them?"

"They shall be rewarded in proportion to the extent of their services. I leave all this to your discretion, Major. There probably will not be time to communicate with me. Consult with Colonel Robinson, if you can—he is a gentleman of very solid judgment."

"I think I understand your Excellency's wishes and views fully, but I will confer with Colonel Robinson whenever I can. I trust to bring the whole affair to a satisfactory issue."

"And take care of yourself, my dear Major. Do not put yourself into the lion's mouth. He is terribly excited and ferocious just now. What time do you start?"

"Early in the morning. And I will now bid your Excellency good evening, as I have a number of matters to arrange before retiring."

"Stay. Give me your arm around to Colonel Williams's. I promised him to call in at his dinner party, and stay a little while with them."

Leaving headquarters, Sir Henry and André proceeded a few blocks to the quarters of Colonel Williams, at the ancient bowerie or country seat of Jacobus Kip. They found there a brilliant assemblage of officers, enjoying themselves with conversation and speeches and songs and wine, who hailed the entrance of their Commander with great applause, and conducted him to a seat reserved for him at the head of the table. André remained for a few minutes, interchanging salutations with his many friends, and then turned to leave. Instantly there was a loud outcry all around him, remonstrating against his departure.

"You are not going, Major?" cried his host. "Really we cannot permit it—can we, gentlemen?"

"No, no, no!" rang from all sides.

"No such shirking as that!"

"Stand to your colors, Major!"

"Face the music!"

"Drink to your lady-love!"

"Order him to maintain his position at all hazards, Sir Henry!"

"Hip, Hip, Hurrah!"

André turned smilingly from one to another of the lively circle. Then, when room was given for a word, he said pleasantly—"Thank you all, gentlemen; but I have some important business to attend to this evening, and, much to my regret, will have to be excused."

"Then, sing us a song before you go," cried a voice. And "a song from Major André! a song from Major André!" rang around the table.

"What shall it be, gentlemen?"

"Sing us Wolfe's chanson, Major, to begin with," said Colonel Williams. This was the little song attributed to General Wolfe, and sung by him on the eve of the battle where he died that desperate struggle on the heights of Abraham.

"I do not fancy it entirely," replied Andre, "but I'll obey orders"—and so saying, he sang in a rich, mellow voice as follows:—

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die!
Whose business 'tis to die!
For should the next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain:
We're free from pain!
But should we here remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Makes all well again!
Makes all well again!"

Tumultuous applause followed the song—in the midst of which André would fain have escaped from the room. But the gay revellers around him would not permit it, detaining him with rough but kindly hands. "One more song they must have," they said, "and then he might go in peace."

"Give us something of your own composition this time, Major," cried Colonel Williams.

"The very idea."

"Good for you, Colonel."

"One of your own songs, Major."

"Do be quiet, gentlemen."

Again André sang—and evidently with more care and greater warmth of feeling:—

I.

Oh, soldier, how
Canst thou be gay?
A day, an hour,
Thou like the flower,
Wilt pass away.

A ball's sharp crash,
A bayonet's push,
A sword-cut sore;
Thy name at call,
Or banquet hall,
Is heard no more!
Is heard no more!

II.

Oh, lady fair,
Oh, lady fair,
My fears are still.
I cannot die,
Beneath God's sky,
Against God's will.

From mast and crag,
Our red-cross flag
Still streams on high.
Let that float free,
O'er land and sea,
E'en though I die!
E'en though I die!

Amid the wild applause which followed his song, and this time unopposed, save by warm hand-clappings, André left the room.

"There goes the most popular young officer in the army, Sir Henry," said Colonel Williams.

"Yes, and justly so. The Major is a second Bayard, '*sans peur et sans reproche*," replied Clinton. "I love him almost as my own son."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# THE LADY BLANCHE.

Among those who greeted me most kindly on my arrival at Kingsholm one lovely September evening, was the lady commonly called in our circle "la dame Blanche."

She and I had been rather more than ordinary acquaintances for some years, for it had so chanced that I was with her at the time of the sudden illness and death of one of her children, and those two hours of anxiety and watching had done what the frequent meetings of everyday life could never have affected, and made a friendship which, however, was neither intimate nor demonstrative. At the death of her husband she had withdrawn entirely from general society, and I had only seen her once in the fifteen months which had elapsed since her widowhood before we clasped hands in the drawing-room at Kingsholm.

She was a pretty woman of the colorless type, with hair like silkworm's silk without its gloss, and delicate features so correctly formed as to be without any characteristic to help the observer to a guess at her temper or disposition. When her face wore any expression it was so transient, so vague, so ill-defined a one—the reflection of the *shadow of a thought*, for it seemed nothing more—that it was impossible to tell what it meant. There were only a few who ever tried to do so, and they soon grew tired of the uninteresting study, and I too had long since given up trying to guess at her feelings by her face.

But I was curious now to see what change there was in her—a woman beginning life again, as it were, without her husband—and resumed my study of her placid face whenever opportunity offered. I had perceived at once that she had improved in appearance since I saw her last. Her hair was arranged in the most fashionable manner (and the manner became her well,) and her dress, which used to be dingy and unsuited to her style of beauty was now carefully chosen, and calculated to "set her off" to the best advantage. But beyond these things I saw no change in her until one wet Friday afternoon I awoke to the fact that she had been smiling more frequently than usual since Thursday evening, on which day there had been a fresh arrival of visitors. Such a smile here was, too!—no more perceptible or longer-enduring than is the faint shiver the summer breeze makes on the surface of a quiet lake! But such as the smile, was, I had seen it, perhaps, twice in an hour on this Friday. It flashed through my brain at once that she was in love, and that the object was among our recent arrivals, and, as is becoming in a woman, I was excited by the idea, and felt a deeper interest than ever in the "dame Blanche," as well as an eager curiosity as to what manner of man the loved one was. Surrounded as I was by friends and acquaintances, and joining as I did in all their amusements in and out of the house, I had not leisure to devote to the observation of the single men among us with a view to finding out whether any one of them showed a predilection for the society of my quiet little friend. Therefore I was ignorant of the name of the awakener of those unwonted smiles when I sat down by her on Saturday evening, and joined in the conversation she was having with Vert-Royal. They were talking over the events that had happened among us during the time she had been out of our world (she had been abroad, for the most part, she told me, during her time of mourning,) and when my brother-in-law was called away to another part of the room he left us still talking of the same things, and as our talk grew grave, and we discussed the happy fate of some, the shipwrecked hopes of others, we had known, I saw a troubled look come on her face, and then subside again, and leave it calm.

She had been playing incessantly with one of her rings, slipping it over the dimpled joint and up to the tapering tip of the third finger of her right hand, and back again, and presently, after a short silence between us, she drew it off and gave it to me to look at, and then with a faint blush began all suddenly to tell me her little love story, in a voice of monotonous sweetness—

"My mother gave it me long years ago, when first I was promoted from the gloom of school-room life into the bright existence of the world in which she moved, a queen. And one who thought himself to be a poet, and me as fair as Surrey's Geraldine, wrote me some lines upon the little ring, in which he said that 'as the pearl in the ring's midst was set, with little diamonds encircling it, even so was I encompassed by bright hopes.' The poet pleased me, and the fancy too—the first but for a time, the last for always; and when I really loved, the diamonds had never flashed so brightly to my eyes as then they gleamed, giving a warmer look to the pale pearl they circled. He I loved never beheld the pearl shine in the light of my own home; we only met at dance, or feast, or *fete*, and always in a crowd. And yet I never sighed for quiet scenes wherein we two might meet, for I was young, my hopes were diamonds, and he was here! I never wished for warmer words than those he murmurred in my ear, night after night, during the waltzes that I granted him whenever we met, longing for the power to grant him every one. I was content to read the love he never sought to hide from any gaze beam from his eyes—to feel the lingering pressure of his hand—to hear my name, without its courtly prefix, fall in a soft whisper from his lips.

"But he who afterwards became my husband proposed for me at the close of my first season. On the day when he was to receive his answer my mother took me for a long drive into the country. Coming back we met the reigning sovereign of my thoughts, who bowed, with a questioning wonder in his eyes, at sight of my wan smile.

"My mother said, as reading confirmation in that smile of some suspicion latent in her mind, 'There goes one, who, blessed with rank and wealth, has lowered the first into a mere name, and spends the last on worthless company. Such as he shall never cross my threshold."

"Thus began, thus ended, 'love's young dream' for him and me. There were no letters to be burnt, no vows to be forsworn, no broken promises, no thoughts of lonely interviews to vex with their remembered sweetness, no gifts to be sent back by me with sighs and tears, to be received by him with bitterness. Only, my youth died then, without the cries attendant on such sudden early death."

She paused here for a moment, and then said—

"My mother was no doubt quite right; there *were* stories about him more or less true."

She colored ever so faintly, took the ring from me, and as she turned it round upon her finger she recurred to the fancy of her friend the poet, and made the little trinket illustrate the last part of her story.

"The diamonds have dropped out, all save one, pushed by the weight of larger rings, perhaps, from their frail setting, and the poor pale pearl, bruised by the rudeness of the world, is not so smooth and fair as it was once. So I have lost my once bright hopes, my early love, my children one by one, and have become but the dim shadow of my younger self. But as the pearl has yet one diamond left to flash its brightness near it, so my life is brightened by one hope."

As she slowly spoke these last words she raised her eyes from the ring, and mine, following the direction of their gaze, read before she did the first chapter of the sequel to her story.

And this is what I saw. At the end of the room stood the grand piano, and I saw Vert-Royal's handsome face bending over his wife's fair head in consultation about a song he held in his hand; and leaning in the angle of the piano, and evidently interested in the consultation was the "dame Blanche's" one hope—the reigning sovereign of her thoughts.

He was not, of course, a young man now, for she who loved him had been many years a wife, and he was considerably older than she was. Her figure was good, and still slim and young looking, and had it not been that his somewhat scanty hair was plentifully streaked with gray he would not have looked a day older than most men ten years his junior. The long, fair, squiline-featured face was not handsome, and had not always a pleasant expression; but I knew him not in his youth, so it is possible that this occasional look may have been the acquisition of later, and less happy, life. I admired him for a certain dignity of bearing that distinguished him—a dignity as far removed from arrogance, or the studied indifference to all things around them affected by some men, as the faultless style of his dress was removed from exaggerated fashion or unbecoming juvenility—and I liked him for the sake of his amusing conversation, and the kindly courtesy of his manner. I had nothing to find fault with in the hero of my friend's love story, and I smiled an answer to her questioning look as my eyes met hers when Vert-Royal began his song. She was pleased and satisfied, settled herself in the the corner of the sofa, and addressed herself to her embroidery while the music went on. But I, as I have said, read far into the first chapter of the second part of her love story before the song was ended.

I was listening with all my soul to Vert-Royal's first notes when I heard the faint rustling of a dress not far from me, and looking round I saw that Madame di Sorrento had stolen in from the other drawing-room, and was standing, leaning her two hands on the top of a *prie-Dieu* chair, absorbed, as I had been, in listening to the music. I gave a momentary attention to her appearance thinking how picturesque she looked, and then my eyes went back to the piano and the trio there—Vert-Royal getting a little excited over his song—his wife's face flushed with pleasure at her husband's success, and with the anxiety of playing the accompaniment—and the "dame Blanche's" hero in the same attitude, one arm on the flap of the piano, and his hands resting one on the other. He had slightly turned his head since I looked last, so that the light of the chandelier was now shining full on his face, which wore an expression that set me wondering; for I, being merely a casual acquaintance was accustomed to see its habitual haughtiness only occasionally softened by a gleam of kindly feeling, or brightened now and then by a look which in a less well-bred man might have been called an impertinent one, and had never imagined it capable of expressing what I now saw there. I looked and wondered, and then my heart sank, for it was evidently not my friend who had awakened the feeling whose expression had glorified his face thus. His eyes were unmistakably bent upon the picturesque lady I have alluded to.

She was about seven or eight and twenty years, in the full glory of her womanhood, and attractive (so it seemed to me) in every way to a man of the hero's age and temperament. Married, almost from her convent, before she was nineteen, she was doomed to pass her time in close attendance on the invalid to whom she had been given, and it was not until she was twenty-five that her freedom came, and she could enjoy the pleasures and wonders of life. This last summer she had paid her first visit to her mother's country, and I learned afterwards that my "dame Blanche's" hero had been incessantly by her side since their acquaintance began. She was not beautiful, but glowing eyes, a face that quivered with emotion, a smile that flashed over the habitual seriousness of her dark countenance, like sudden sunlight, are better gifts than a statuesque beauty of feature that tells nothing. And the full soft tones that utter quick exclamations of admiration or sympathy make more heart-stirring music than the silvery sweetness of the voice of a colder nature.

It was a pretty tableau that the close of Vert-Royal's song broke up. At one end of the room was the dark lady, with her hands clasped on the back of the tall *prie-Dieu* chair, a flush on her cheek, and a glow in her eyes, produced, perhaps, by the music, or by a gaze of which she could not but be conscious, her handsome head with its coronet of black hair thrown out in relief by the white marble mantelpiece behind her; at the other end of the room stood her lover in the full glare of the chandelier, easy, graceful, self-possessed in attitude, but with the look I have alluded to on his face. Scattered about the space between them were groups of people, who had ceased their talk while the song went on; and on one side of the room, and rather in the shade, was "la dame Blanche," wrapped in a white lace shawl, curled up in a corner of the sofa, looking down at her work, calm and contented, with a pale, lovely, and utterly expressionless face.

Alas! la dame Blanche was completely out of the running as she sat there calmly at her embroidery, with nothing in her eyes or aspect to show that she was warmed by the love that shone upon her long ago, while her rival thrilled to the singer's voice, and her hero's face was softened and glorified and rejuvenated by the light and warmth of a newly-risen hope.

* * * * * *

She did not know that any one else had entered for the race, so how could she have any idea that she was being beaten? And I had not the heart to tell her that she was not even placed when she said to me, as she watched me finish dressing for dinner on Sunday evening—

"He sat by me for an hour to-day at afternoon tea. How pleasantly he talks!"

"Yes, he is very agreeable," I said. "Did he say anything especially pleasant?"

"Nothing of the kind your tone of voice insinuates," she said, with that flickering smile I have tried to describe. "He only talked about his niece's courtship and marriage, and his nephew's engagement—a most romantic affair."

Poor little woman! The only talk of love she heard from him was when he told the love-story of some one else.

That night there could be no mistake about where his heart was. He made his admiration no more of a secret now than he did in the young days when—as she told me herself—"he never sought to hide from any gaze his love for la dame Blanche." He waited upon my friend's rival with all the assiduity and none of the shyness of a young lover; his voice, when he asked her the simplest question, had in its tones the earnestness of a lover's pleading; and his eyes were full of love, and lit with the ardor of an autumn passion—a passion sweeter than the feeling, often only half understood, that we thrilled to in the glad spring-time of our life. Then so many bright things strewed our pathway that our love seemed but the most dazzling of our many treasures—only a part of our youthful happiness. But in the autumn of our days a newly-born love is the only jewel in our treasure-house—a fresh-growing flower woven into the withered wreath of our youthful hopes; it *is* our happiness, not only part of it. It seems to thrust the haunting past away—to stay the steps of the advancing future—to gladden the present with its warm crimson sunlight. We revel in the warmth of the autumn sun that sets so early, while we may; we do not look into the coming years, and make plans, as the happy young folks do. Our hopes are limited to the next time we shall clasp hands with the one we love, and when that moment comes it seems the fulness of contentment. Thus, I felt, it must be with him, and though my heart was sad for my friend, I could not withhold my sympathy from the man she loved so hopelessly. I do not exactly know how or when she found out that her love was hopeless. I was standing talking to him late in the evening when I learnt that she knew the cruel fact.

"Have you heard," she said, coming up to where we stood—"have you heard how I lost my ring?"

"No," I said; "Have you lost it? I am sorry—"

"I had been playing with it as usual, slipping it up and down on my finger, and I let it drop on my lap and forgot it. I missed it just after you all went by to sing that thing from the 'Stabat Mater.' But here it is, you see; he" (naming my companion) found it clinging on the lace of Madame di Sorrent's dress. I am glad to have it again, but its last diamond is gone."

"That will probably be found to-morrow," he said.

"I think not," she said, looking slowly up into his face—"I think not—it was so small."

I knew what that last diamond had been to her, and I knew that in confessing to its loss she was confessing that she had given up her last hope. There was a wistful look in her eyes as she met the pitying glance of mine. She drew me aside, and said quietly and firmly—

"I want to speak to him alone—away from these people. Ask him to come up into the school-room now."

I expostulated, but quite in vain, for she kept reiterating with quiet firmness, "I want to speak to him alone." There was nothing for it but to comply with her request, so, trembling the while for the dignity of woman, which I feared she would lower by seeking this interview, I went back to where he stood looking towards the singers at the piano, and made known her wishes as gently as I could. Had I been less interested I should have laughed at the expression of his face; he looked troubled for a moment, as if he had been proposed to, and was trying to arrange a decided but polite form of refusal, and then his haughty face settled into its coldest look.

"I should refuse to go," he said with freezing frankness, "could I do so without appearing rude. If you know—as I presume you do—the foolish story of long ago, you must see that I cannot be expected to like the idea of this interview. But I would not on any account seem to be discourteous to Lady Blanche. Will you lead the way?"

"I hesitated, and he said with some bitterness of tone and impatience of manner—

"Pardon me if I beg you to come with me. I do not just now wish to incur the charge of carrying on two flirtations at once. I have borne that charge and a great many others pretty nearly all through my life, and have cared nothing for what was said, but now a whisper of a lonely interview with an old love might destroy my last chance of happiness, and might have power to wound another."

I hurried out of the room, and upstairs, impatient of this man-of-the-world caution, as I called it, angrily, in my heart. He followed slowly, but when we came near the school-room (so called from tradition—it was rather a second drawing-room) he passed me, and went in, leaving the door as he had found it, wide open. I sat down on the window-seat in the passage, looking at the picture the two made, with the doorway for a frame.

He stood cold and haughty, with a sort of determined-not-to-speak-first look on his face, at one end of the table, while she stood at the other in the full blaze of the lamp. There was a short and uncomfortable silence, during which I observed that his twelve years of seniority had apparently slipped from him, and laid their burden upon her, so aged, and wan, and desolate did she look. At last she glanced up at him, with her flickering smile on her white face.

"Please sit down," she said; "I always feel overpowered and silenced when people stand to talk to me."

He did as she requested, and I was pleased to see (he faced me as he sat on the sofa, while she was only seen in profile) that the defiant look had gone from his face; I suppose he could not withstand that smile, and those wistful eyes.

"You must have thought it strange that I could send for you so," she said, "and I suppose it was a strange thing to do; but I did not know how otherwise to find out something I do so want to know, and I hope—I do hope—that you will not mind telling me the exact truth. You used to tell me, years ago, you know, when we met at dances, and *fetes*, and so on, that you had been waiting about the entrances to catch the first glimpse of me—that you only cared to dance with me—that you only came to meet me—that you were guilty (so you called it) of scheming to get asked to houses where I visited. You see I remember it well: women do remember those things."

"And so do I remember it, he said, gently; "and I remember, too, that I meant what I said."

"Ah," she said, with a sound like a sob, "*that* is what I wanted to know! Oh, how glad I am that you answered the question before I asked it!"

There was a slight pause, during which the expression of his face made me quite forgive the ill-timed cautiousness that had made me angry with him. Then she continued speaking as calmly as usual, "You see, I could not bear to think that you, about whom I had thought so much, and who had been a sort of hero to me in the old days, had been only like the men I am told exist in the world, who pretend to love a girl for the mere pleasure of pretending as it seems to me. Above all, I could not bear to think that the words I remembered so well through all these years were false, or at best only expressed the feeling of a moment; for they sounded so true when you said them. I wanted to be sure—quite sure—of your truth; and now I am satisfied."

"You may be satisfied," he said earnestly; "I was sincere then if ever I was sincere in my life. My love and youth must, together, be my excuse for trying to win your heart in the face of your mother's notorious dislike to me; but I tried to win it, not for amusement, but because I wanted it, Blanche. You possibly blamed me—some to whom my love was no secret did so—for making no sign when I first heard of your engagement. But this was how I was situated. I danced with you rather more frequently than usual the night before I left town to go down to my brother's wedding, if I remember rightly. When I came back in two or three days' time, I heard of your engagement, and the next day saw in the paper the announcement of your approaching marriage. I had talked to you, danced with you, sat by you, devoted myself continually to you for months, but I had not heard a whisper of the chance of such an event; and I had not seen any signs of disturbance—such as the urging of an unwelcome suit would be likely to produce—in your face or manner. And now, when I watched you listening to your future husband, I failed to see that his attentions were unacceptable. I dare not say to you now that a glance or sign of distress would have made me fight for you. Men are but cowards when they have to struggle against family influence in order to win a wife, and I had nothing over and above what your husband had to offer, save my bad reputation, and a belief in your preference for me. But it was a belief for which I could give no acceptable reason; I had never seen a sign that assured me of your preference, and so I let you go."

There was something like regret in the tone of his voice as he said those last six words, and when he spoke again it was hurriedly, as if he wished to make an end of the sad subject.

"And in time I got to think of you as the happy wife of a better man than I was. I saw you but seldom, we hardly exchanged a word when we met, and I never guessed, never imagined for one moment, that you still—that you ever thought of old times, until just now when I brought you back the ring you had lost."

"You found it out then?" she asked.

"Yes; for the first time since we last danced together I saw a look in your face that told me something."

"And then it was too late—too late!"

At that little plaintive cry he suddenly stretched out his hands, and took hers between them, holding them in his clasp as he got up from the sofa.

He did not speak, for what was there to say? He did not look into her face, for what was the use of reading the sad story written there, now that it was too late?

He only bowed his head before the remembrance of his first love, and pressed one long kiss on the little white hands he held, and then he let them fall from his clasp, and went slowly away from the cool and quiet room, along the dark passage, and down the dim staircase, into the warmth and light below. And the woman he had left stood in the solitude of that quiet room, still and tearless, listening to his retreating footsteps, and looking down on the hands on which had fallen the first kiss she had ever received from the man she loved. That first and last kiss was the death-blow of the treacherous hope that had misled her. And what was there left in life to give light and warmth to her loneliness now that hope was dead?

# Aunt Betsey's Children.

Some time ago a lady in London was trying to get a girl to help her in doing housework. Her name was Mrs. Levy. One day, while walking in the street, she met a friend and asked her if she knew of any good girl that she could get. Said her friend—

"Why don't you get one of Aunt Betsey's children?"

"Aunt Betsey's children. Pray, who is Aunt Betsey?"

"She is an old Scotch woman who lives in Bird's Alley. She adopts poor, homeless, motherless children; teaches them, takes care of them, gets them into good habits, and then puts them out in good places. I have had one of her children for a good while, and she is the best girl I ever had."

"That is very singular," said Mrs. L. "This woman must be a curiosity. I would like to see her for her own sake. I'll go."

The next day Mrs. Levy went to Bird's Alley to find Aunt Betsey's home. As soon as she entered it she saw a large, tidy-looking room. The floor was as clean as hands could make it. She saw eight or nine girls from three to fifteen years old. They were all busy. Some of the oldest were ironing clothes, others were sewing or knitting, and the youngest were twisting up slips of paper to make lamp-lighters.

While she was looking at them an elderly Scotch woman came in. She wore a plain gingham dress, with a white apron, and a large broad-frilled cap. She made a courtesy to the lady, and her face lighted up with a smile that made it look quite beautiful.

"I am looking for a girl, my friend," said Mrs. Levy, "and your kind home has been recommended to me as a good place to get one. Are these you own children?

"Oh no, ma'am, I am not so rich as that. But let me see; there's Lizzie, she's been here long enough for a recommend. She's a strong, hearty girl, ma'am, and never will trouble you with any mean, low ways. Come here, Lizzie. Now look in her face, ma'am. That's how I choose my children."

"Then are none of them yours?"

"Never had one in my life, ma'am," said Aunt Betsey with a smile.

"You are paid then, for taking care of these children, and providing them with a home?"

"Not a stiver, ma'am. Who's to pay me? They are all poor orphans; not one of them has a father or mother, except me, and I am both to them, they think," she said as she looked around affectionately at them. Sometimes I feel sorry that I took the wee things; but what could I do? They'd honest parents as was taken off with heavy sickness, and I couldn't see them left to suffer. I'll take all I can. I've put thirty-one into good places."

"What!" cried Mrs. Levy. "Do you mean to say that you have taken care of and provided for thirty-one children besides these that are here now?"

"Yes'm—and the Lord's blessed me to do it with my own hands for more than fifteen years back. I've never wanted, neither have they; and whether it's luck in me, or goodness in them, I don't know, but they'll all mind me, that they will, ma'am, with lifting up a finger."

What a beautiful sheltering cloud Aunt Betsey was! She was working all alone in that little alley, while nobody in the busy world knew what she was doing. But God knew it all. Without husband or children of her own, without any church or committee to help her, without any means but what she earned with her own hands, she had been a bright, sheltering cloud to thirty-one poor children, besides the eight or nine then in her house. She had clothed them, and fed them, and taught them the best she knew how, and then had found good homes for them where they could be useful and happy.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A sale of thirty cases of cigars, from the ex-Emperor Napoleon's choicest selections, recently took place in Paris.

☞ A citizen of Indianapolis who died recently, bequeathed "$500 to purchase ammunition" to a Kentuckian who had frequently threatened to shoot him.

☞ A Georgia paper advises its subscribers "that payments can be made in butter, eggs, corn, potatoes, ragged greenbacks, or tobacco stamps—if nicely taken from the boxes."

☞ A young lady of Flushing, N. Y., died on her wedding day, and was buried in her bridal robes.

☞ Machias, in Maine, is so far "down East" that they seem to have an almost Oriental respect for the insane. Last Sunday a crazy man took the pulpit in the church, and refused the parson admittance. The reverend gentleman meekly seated himself with the congregation and listened to an incoherent tirade, until the crazy preacher saw fit to retire. A local paper calls it a disgraceful scene, but whether it refers to the behaviour of the poor lunatic, or the meek submission of the people, does not appear.

☞ TAKING HEART.—Under the alarming title of "Ladies and Heart Disease," a paragraph from the British Medical Journal reveals the secret that the fair sex is, as compared with the male sex, almost exempt from the most serious organic diseases of the heart. Oh, the selfishness of man! This is why fellows are always trying to negotiate an exchange of hearts with the dear creatures!

☞ A recent writer says that it is somewhat remarkable that thieves are so improvident that they never lay anything up. They never lay anything down either when they have once taken it up: and by a strange coincidence, a career, passed in taking up, ends by their being taken up themselves.

☞ The British merchant marine consists of 37,000 vessels, more than all other nations combined.

☞ Carlyle thinks afflictions are our true purifyers: "The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough!"—Not if it is also cloudy.—*Ed. Post.*

☞ Another Irish editor announces that he will not print any more anonymous communications unless the name of the writer accompanies them.

☞ A female infant was found on Monday evening on the porch of a house in Germantown, Pa., and finally carried to the poor house, where, as its name was unknown, it was registered as "Dolly Varden."

☞ A Chicago reporter suggests that there will be a great demand for mutton in Boston during the Jubilee. Think, says he, of twenty thousand people singing in chorus, "All we like sheep."

☞ After many years of hope deferred, New York is, at last, to see the Shakspeare monument adorning the Central Park. The 23d of May is to be the auspicious day, though why, after so many years of preparation, it could not have been dedicated upon the poet's birthday, the 23d of April, it is hard to see. Bryant is to be the orator of the day, and the ceremonies will also include an oration by Edwin Booth, and music by Thomas's orchestra and various singing societies.

☞ During Prof. Rust's first visit to the "Nursery," he proposed, among other things, to give the little ones a lecture on the "Five Senses," which was done to the apparent satisfaction of all except one little fellow, who remarked, on the Professor's retiring: "I hain't seen nothin' of them nickels yet."

☞ A Kansas crack marksman was lately acquitted on a charge of assault with intent to kill by showing in the back yard that if he had fired at a man intending to kill him, he would surely have done it.

☞ A Newark boy deliberately held his arm in front of a horse car wheel and allowed it to be crushed, in order to avoid going to school.

☞ Two million dollars' worth of elephants and other insects which go to make up a menagerie are walking around in the States this year.

☞ It has been remarked that in New York the conductors of the horse-cars on the six cent lines, refuse to associate with their professional brethren on the five cent lines.

☞ An aged German, just from the fatherland, died from excess of joy on joining his family in Newark last Sunday.

☞ The people of Wyoming don't know whether to call their female judge a justicess of the peace, or a justice of the peacess. That can easily be decided after it is seen whether she makes peace or pieces.

☞ Smoking may be a very effective way of getting rid of rabbits, but it appears to be expensive sometimes. A Missouri farmer tried it a short time ago. He caught the rabbit but burnt up half a mile of fence and over a hundred apple trees in the process. From what we know about farming we should say that it would not pay to use so much fuel in fumigating one rabbit.

☞ Among the "vestiges of barbarism" which the English are beginning to protest against, is the law requiring marriages to be solemnized before 12 o'clock in the day. This law necessitates the eating of salads and cake and the drinking of champagne and sherry so soon after breakfast that the guests are all rendered unfit for the duties of the day, and suffer all the horrors of nightmare without the mitigation of sleep.

☞ Now, here's another man who tried to drown himself when he had too much skill as a swimmer and too little resolution as a self-slaughterer to make his undertaking a success. He lived in Berne, but he was not happy, so he flung himself into the river. The cold stream made him forget his griefs, and he swam back to the shore. A second and third time he tried it with the same result, and finally sneaked back home amid the jeers of his neighbors.—*N. Y. Mail.*

☞ A SCIENTIFIC REASON.—A friend of ours who came upon a scientific treatise on the velocity of light, says he can now understand how it is that his gas bill runs up so rapidly.

## PLATONIC.

BY WM. B. TERBETT.

I had sworn to be a bachelor; she had sworn to be a maid;
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid;
Besides we had our higher love—fair Science ruled my heart;
And she said her young affections were all wound up in Art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live
Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more to give;
We would be friends, and friends as true as ever were man and man—
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows, kisses, tears and sighs;
High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts despise;
We liked each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that young Ambition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the bright days yet to come;
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills
And rustic bridges, and the like that picture-makers prize,
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and Summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,
We floated down the river, or loafed beneath the trees:
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,
While the Western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy;
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of Nebulæ,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

* * * * * * *

"Well, good-by, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go.
My going meant our parting—when to meet we did not know;
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart,
For although we were but friends, 'tis hard for honest friends to part.

"Good-by, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea;
And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob just behind
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet-cups of dew;
One long, long glance, and then I did what I never did before—
Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but I'm sure the kiss meant more.

# A TRUE LOVER.

BY EDITH S. JAY,

AUTHOR OF "A NOBLE ERROR," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER II.

"ON WITH THE NEW."

"Will you be *my* wife, Nelly?"

Sweet eyes, sorrowful and grateful, and half-pitying, turned up to him; with none of the sudden light, a face flushed with none of the shy rapture that more than any speech happily answers such a prayer; a little hand lying calm and cold in his, its light pressure only keeping him back, lips that answer plaintive but untrembling.

"Wait. Let me tell you something first."

Shafto Elphinstone (for it is he who asks this momentous question) draws a long breath, and holds his underlip fast with his strong white teeth. Reticent, undemonstrative as he is, those words, the pause that follows them, are hard to bear. But in the stillness he hears a long quivering sigh; the face turned away from him, looking dreamily over the distance, pales and changes, and lights with a little trembling smile, foolish and tender, such as he knows—whatever he does not know—*he* never brought there. And pain and pity make him patient.

It is a divine Sunday evening in spring, with a golden clouded sky—all the happy earth lies bathed in a great still glow of promise, all the air is sweet with the breath of flowers and trees, a thrush gurgles out psalms of praise from a cedar on the lawn, and the stream at the bottom of the garden answers murmuringly, glistening and sliding over its gleaming pebbles.

This place—these wide meadows, the stream, the cedars, the big red house with thirty windows flashing back the sun, are Shafto's. He has another estate elsewhere, and a Moor in Scotland, and revenues large enough to maintain them all. He has been much feted since his return, asked to all the best houses, and drawn into intimacy with all the nicest people; but his sober head is not the least turned. He only sighs a little over the mercenariness of the world, which cared so little for him when he was "just the same, except the money," as he says; and laughs at the warnings of his friends against being taken in, and is as good-natured and true and modest as when he was an unsought detrimental.

He has had neither fancies nor flirtations, till, five months ago, he met Elinor Western. She was staying at Brighton for change of air, he for amusement, and on the one promenade of that populous town he met her daily; until that face, which was not pretty now, whatever it might once have been—but pathetic even in its mirth, which went to his heart, when, smiling at him, it showed how it must once have smiled—took entire possession there. He loved her, and he had a rich man's right to please himself; he paid her due court, not so clumsily as he did other things, for true love, even with fools, has a tact and wisdom of its own. She was kind—amused, interested sometimes; she did not snub him as she had been used to snub her lovers when she was seventeen and happy: but it was only because she had no heart for it now—because Shafto was wonderfully kind and restful. The world used to be full of kind people; but it was different now. He exacted nothing in return at first, and when, by degrees, he began to do so, the very little he asked ceased to seem hard to give. Poor Nelly had a passionate nature, and her gratitude was passionate too—too much so for prudence, perhaps. Her father and an aunt, who made up her home circle, urged her to accept his attentions, so did her greatest friend, Mrs. Wroughton, who knew all her story, and had a greater influence through not having shown herself, at the time of its action, quite dead to romance, as Nelly's relations had.

So when Shafto asked Mr. Western to bring his daughter to Woldingsley, Nelly went, and when her friend said kindly and sadly, "Oh, Nelly! don't waste your life and spoil his—say yes when he asks you," Nelly, with two tears smarting in her eyes, from the sense of the bitter contrast of past and present—of the sunburst, the inspiration, the angel music then, which everybody tried to drag her away from, and the cold and moderate and deliberate bliss they courted for her now, said wearily, "I will *try*," and then went away and wept, the bride apparent of three estates and many thousands a year, and kissed with burning lips a silky ring of chestnut hair, that clung round her finger like a living reproachful thing.

"And, O dearest, I wouldn't if I could help it. I wouldn't if you'd only been true. O, darling, I loved you so dearly!" But the great moment had come. Shafto, absurdly transparent in his strategy, had walked boldly into the drawing-room at Woldingsley, and in the presence of seven ladies there assembled, had asked Miss Western to come and look at the sunset.

Miss Western had inquired faintly whether it wasn't cold? but was so assured to the contrary by a match-making chorus that she had reluctantly yielded, and gone with her host. And there she stood now, pale, sick at heart, trying to be true, half-hoping that when she had spoken he would not ask that question again. And yet, he was so good, so strong, so safe to lean upon: what would she do with him? Men do not understand how hard it is for a woman, especially while she is still young, to look forward to eternal self-dependence and loneliness.

She nerved herself at last, looked up with her brown eyes, solemn, yet with a gleam of tears hidden somewhere in their depths.

"Captain Elphinstone," said she, faltering very much, "I only want to tell you * * * I think it right you should know before * * * I—I loved some one else * * * very, *very* much. Oh, so much that I can never love anybody else in the same way."

Shafto started and paled; but listened patiently to the words that dropped out one by one, like heart-broken tears.

"He * * loved me once. He does not now. And that, of course, makes me feel differently about him. But, you see, I can never forget him. Oh, never, never!" said she, her voice rising passionately. "And it would not be fair for you—"

"*Could* anything happen to bring you * * and * * *him* together?" asked Shafto, huskily.

"No. He does not love me now," answered she, hanging her head, and with a painful blush. Loyalty to that bitter but still painful memory, pity for Shafto, whose sufferings she understood through her own; pity for herself, to whom such kind and true love, so fully approved by all, came too late for perfect appreciation, fought within her. She wanted to do right; but the right was hard to discover.

There was a long pause. He spoke at last: subtleties of principles did not trouble *him*—taking her two quivering hands protectingly in his broad palms, and looking straight down at her with his honest blue eyes.

"Poor little girl!" said he, with tender compassion, "You don't know what to do, do you?"

"No," Nelly answered, with a faint smile.

"Do you think you could *ever* love me—not quite in that way you speak of—perhaps I'm not the sort of a fellow to be loved like that—but enough to be my wife? Don't you think—" and his clasp tightened round her fingers—"If I am patient and do everything I can to please you, you'll get to understand how much I love you, and care a little for me? I won't tease you; I'll wait as long asy ou like, and if you find you can't, I'll not blame you * * but * * * *"

His pleadings ceased there, and he added, in a stifled voice, the most potent argument perhaps of all,—

"O, Nelly, I *do* love you!"

Too potent. "I—I think I could—I would try," Nelly faltered. "But indeed, you deserve somebody's whole heart—somebody who had never cared at all before."

"I'd rather have a little bit of your love than all any other woman's," said Shafto, stoutly. "I'll try not to mind even if you seem to be thinking of the other fellow. Say I may hope for *that*."

"Yes," said she, fairly conquered, and feeling for the moment she did indeed love him in the very moderate degree he pleaded for, feeling, in all the forlornness that rush of memory had brought sorer need of the shelter he proffered.

So when Shafto, enraptured beyond the power of coherent expression, and happily ignoring the bareness of that monosyllable, put his arm timidly round her; though she shivered and sickened with recollection, she leaned against him, and sighed with weary relief.

She released herself gently after an instant, and went away to tell Mrs. Wroughton. Her conscience, cognizant of her own feelings in past days, pricked her a little that she had not stayed to let him realize and discuss his new found joy; but of this, of other small omissions, he was happily unconscious. He stood looking at the land flushed with sunset, exceedingly joyful, and praising God in his heart without knowing it. Then suddenly, he could not imagine why, a thought of his last night in India crossed his mind, of Dennis stretched feverish and lonely on his sick bed in a strange land, with the shadow of death almost upon him; deserted by men, afraid of God, knowing his best kindness, his truest generosity to *his* love, to part from her forever—ay, even to part from her in anger. That haggard face, those violet eyes, ablaze with smothered fires of despair and love, that beautiful mouth, parched and drawn with pain, would rise between Shafto and the rosy sky and fair world which smiled back his own sweet triumph, that bitter desolate cry came athwart the bird's song and the stream's murmur, and rang in his ears. "O God, it's *true!* Why was I born?" And Shafto bowed his head, awe-struck at the contrast between *that* fate and his, and prayed, almost fearfully, that the life God had so blessed, might be spent in His service.

As he turned to go in, the music of a hymn somebody was singing in the drawing-room came floating out stern, and sad, and sweet, like the white flash of a warrior angel's spear, into the crimson air.

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Teach me to tear it from its throne
And worship only Thee."

And Shafto, at this moment, felt he *could not* say "Amen." He was sublimely, supremely happy, for many, many days. Nelly, guiltily conscious of the utter want of inspiration and romance on her side, was good, and sweet, and toilingly careful to please him as she would never have been had she loved him perfectly. She found no fancied causes of offence, she exacted no monopoly of attention, she obeyed his wishes like a Griselda (which it was by no means her nature to be.)

Her father admired the change, and pointed it out to Mrs. Wroughton as a proof of how deeply she loved Elphinstone, how, as he had said all along, her fancy for that other man was only a fancy.

"Why, the fellow couldn't maintain her!" said Mr. Western, as if that were an unanswerable argument on his side.

But Mrs. Wroughton, shaking her head anxiously, replied—

"I wish she *could* quarrel with him a little more, poor Shafto! or that his dear ugly face didn't look so perfectly happy and contented. It positively shines, and he goes about as if he were in a dream. He's too happy for this world."

"Well, marriage will cure *that*," returned Mr. Western, chuckling prosaically; "for though Nelly is a good girl enough now she has got over that old nonsense of hers, she isn't *quite* so meek as she looks."

"Poor Nelly!" sighed the lady, remembering what a pretty, foolish, happy creature, all blushes, and smiles, and dimples, half dew, half sunshine, Nelly had been in the bright days of "that old nonsense of hers."

Love-making without quarrels, or disapprobation of authorities is uninteresting to read about, or witness, so I need not dwell on Shafto and Nelly's.

One evening, when the spring was blooming into summer, a little before the whole party were to migrate to town, Shafto gave a final dinner, under the presidence of Mrs. Wroughton. He had taken a town house, and was always having patterns and designs for its furniture sent down for his betrothed's approval; for his faith in her taste was only equalled by his sense of his own incompetency, and he delighted to be instructed about contrasts of color, &c., and scolded for his laviah extravagance; unaware that this was on his part only an unconscious expression of the uneasiness Mrs. Wroughton had felt and uttered about Nelly's gentle indifference.

And yet Nelly loved him as dearly as possible, short of lover's love, and felt with him little of that revolt against his claim of a lover's privileges a man bolder and more exacting must have excited. He was shy and reverent, and self-contained, never passionate outwardly, though his voice and his eye were never the same to any other as to her.

Sometimes she thought she was growing to love him, "*d'amour*," but then some chance word, the scent of a leaf, the color of a cloud, brought back a rush of memories. And alas! past memories, with all their pain, were keener, sweeter, more real than present truths.

Shafto, who had been up to town the day before, came down in time for the dinner party; and having resignedly led in a chief dowager, to whom he gravely held forth on the virtues of Miss Western, and abstractedly discoursed over his wine to two fox-hunting squires on the subject of pig sticking, jumped up joyfully from his chair, ran upstairs like a school-boy, and dropping his big self into a very little chair by Nelly's side, said, with his honest face flushed with rapture at their reunion—

"And is my darling glad to see me after all this time?"

"Oh, yes, dear," responded Nelly, very sweetly and kindly; but unconsciously using the tone appropriate to an inconveniently affectionate dog—a sort of "Down, there's a good fellow!" manner.

Shafto, not being thin-skinned, received it calmly, only saying to himself, as often before, when disposed to repine, "I must give her time. Besides, she's like me, she doesn't show what she feels."

He proceeded accordingly to dilate, in a low voice, on the relation to her of all he had seen and done during his absence, which, being a fruitful topic, was only ended by Nelly herself observing—

"Shafto, dear, won't you ask some of the girls to sing?"

"They'd rather not. They're quite happy, talking to those fellows. And I'm sure I am, and awfully tired, too, my treasure."

"It won't tire you much more to walk to the piano. Now *please* do."

"But, my darling, they don't want *me* to help them to sing!" said Shafto, plaintively, getting up, however, going across with mournful obedience, to the most prominent toilette in the room, and mumbling a reluctant request for a song.

Shoulders and teeth, and twenty yards of pink silk rose up readily in answer, and were conducted to the piano.

"What shall I sing?" asked their possessor, glancing up with coquetries quite lost on him.

"Oh, anything," said he, abstractedly.

"'Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye?' That's sentimental, and wouldn't suit you, Captain Elphinstone."

"All right. I mean—I dare say it's a very jolly song. I say," added Shafto, awakening to a sense of his awful responsibilities. "I must look at the words, or I shan't be able to turn over properly."

His anxiety kept him intent; but his faithful eyes, their duty done, turned promptly to Nelly's corner, and what they saw sent him across the room to her, trampling recklessly on men's boots and ladies' dresses.

She was sitting upright: deadly pale, with her hands clasped tightly on her knee, her lips apart, as if in pain, her eyes fixed and wide, with a look of wondering agony. She did not know people were observing her, nor remark, till the third repetition, Shafto's anguished whisper. "My own, what is it? Are you ill?"

She looked up at last, with a dazed, tremulous smile.

"Is it you, dear?" she said, slowly. "Yes, a little ill * * * * Don't let her sing that song again."

"She shall never sing again in this house while I'm master," returned Shafto, indignant and puzzled. "I say, my darling," he added, coaxingly, "come out on to the terrace—it 'ill do you good."

She rose and took his arm without a word: generally, she avoided such a tête-à-tête, and Shafto, with an air of pride, led her out through his guests, whose opinion of his wisdom and politeness was not increased by this incident.

He was a little heavy at heart as he placed a garden chair for her and stood by her side, silently, looking across the dusky fields; for he guessed the cause of her agitation to be some tender memory in which he could have no share, and good as he was, he was human, and felt a jealous pang.

But her head rested against his arm, her voice saying pathetically, "Oh, Shafto, do be kind to me!" made him forget his own grievance.

"God knows I will, *always*," said he, earnestly. "But tell me, darling, if I may know, why you didn't like to hear that song?"

She looked up at him without answering: sadly, for the answer seemed cruel to speak.

"It reminded you of somebody, didn't it?" asked he, very gently, stifling a sigh.

"Oh, yes, yes!" *He* used to sing it to me," said Nelly, bursting out in a weary, passionate cry. "'Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye,' and say he *could* not leave me, though he ought in honor, he knew too well."

A terrible light burst upon Shafto. He felt as if a cold hand seized his heart, and with a mortal faintness coming over him, and great drops standing icily on his forehead, he withdrew a step or two, and leaned heavily on the back of Nelly's chair.

It seemed to him afterwards that there had been ages of thought, of agony, in that minute; his love rose up blind and awful in its strength, and threatened shipwreck of honor and duty. But it was too dark for Nelly to see his face, and he made no outward sign of suffering. He only said in a tender, repressed voice:—

"Nelly, was * * * *his* name Dennis Kilcourcy?"

"Yes! O, Shafto, did you know him in India? Was he married? Was he well? Did he seem happy? Oh, forgive me, dear, dear Shafto, but if you know how long it was since I heard his name even. Oh, Dennis, Dennis!"

Unhappy Shafto! Listening, patient and wistful, to this outburst, hearing that voice, thrilled with fond passion, beholding, even through the night, those suddenly radiant eyes, trembling under that small hand that clasped his arm so tightly for another's sake, as it had never done for his own: he lost his last shred of comfort.

No, Nelly was *not* undemonstrative, when she had anything to demonstrate, as she never had had, never would have, now for him. And yet, yet—but for this bitter chance, this lightning flash which bared the desolate path of duty so plain before him, she *might* have been his, and have learned, by degrees, to be comforted, and forget the other.

These waters of Marah almost choked his speech; but he drove them back manfully, and answered with simple conscientiousness, "Yes, I know him a little. He was not married, nor a bit likely to be. He was not quite well when I last saw him, but he was getting better. I was with him the night before I left—I little thought——"

His voice failed him suddenly, he went away from her, and stood leaning his hands on the stone balustrade, with his face turned up to the night sky. There were no tears in his eyes to dim the radiance of the starlight, nor any passionate outcries on his lips. And as to what was in his heart then, that was between himself and God, for no one else ever knew it.

He came back presently. Nelly, who had been reproaching herself for her selfish outburst, put her hand in his, and looking up at him, said, falteringly: "I am so sorry. I beg your pardon."

Those eyes, that voice, so full of his rival, with only pity to spare for him, made him hard for a moment, but the next he rebuked himself sternly, and answered, with a kind sad smile:—

"No, my darling, I beg yours for leaving you when you were so ill; but—but I've got a headache," added he, piteously, trying to excuse his shaken voice, "I'm knocked up with the journey, I think."

"Poor Shafto," said she, compassionately, putting her hand on his head, which he had bent down to her; but he drew back sharply, with an inarticulate sound of pain, and suggested, if she was better, they should go back to the drawing-room. He took her to her seat, and then, going up to a group of men gathered round some Indian photographs he had brought home, asked: "Can any one tell me when the Calcutta mail goes out? Is this week's gone?"

"Doesn't go till Friday. But I say, Elphinstone," added the speaker, staring at him, "What on earth is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I'm all right. At least, I've a headache, that's all," he answered, wearily.

"Perhaps Miss Western——"

"Let Miss Western alone, and me too," said Shafto, with sudden sternness, turning on his heels, and going off.

"Nelly," said Mrs. Wroughton, later in the evening, "what have you been doing to your victim? He looks so pale, and heavy-eyed, and the picture of misery. What a tyrant you must be!"

Nelly explained wearily how the song had affected her, and Shafto had guessed the cause.

A nice little incident for him to dream upon," remarked her friend drily; "I wonder how many men would stand such a thing. A brilliant, uncomfortable, unsatisfactory creature, like your Dennis, for instance!"

"That he—isn't my Dennis now should prevent your blaming him," returned Nelly calmly, but with very white lips.

Elphinstone's "good night" was tranquil as usual; but after he had said it, and let go her hand, he took it again, and added unreasonably, "O, Nelly!" much as she had said, an hour before, "O, Dennis!" and looked at her with quite a new profundity of expression.

He was a passive and abstracted host in the smoking-room that night, and when he went to his own apartment, took pen and paper with an air of melancholy resolution.

But he could not write—not at once, with all that tumult within him, with that great bitter rebellious wonder at the *uselessness* of his love gnawing at his heart. "I was so happy before," he thought. "I didn't *try* to love her, and I do love her so." He leaned his hot head on his hands, and looked over the gardens and woods and fields, bathed in starlight with sore regret. Their pleasure was spoiled to him, most likely for ever, as, indeed, the pleasure of everything was.

"I suppose I was *too* happy," said Shafto, mournfully.

"But I did believe I could make her happy too. Well, I may do that yet, thank God! in another way. And—poor Kilcourcy as well."

It was a little struggle to speak thus kindly of his rival, his conqueror, but somehow the recollection of Dennis's faint hand and fevered eyes made it easier.

"Yes," added he, after some serious reflection, "I'll write to him at once. But I'll be the same to her, and say nothing till I hear from him, or he comes; because if he *should* have changed, she would be as forlorn, and want me to comfort her as much as ever, poor little girl! Not that he *will* be changed! How could he be?"

So Shafto sat down and wrote many letters, and flung them aside, and it was not till the morning light reddened the window panes, and dazzled his tired eyes, and the birds sang their matins outside, that he had produced a satisfactory epistle. He had little gift of composition, and feeling how much of his darling's happiness hung on this issue, trembled lest his own want of tact should ruin all.

"DEAR KILCOURCY:—You will be surprised to hear from me; but you will soon understand the reason. You remember the story you told me that night. I have met the young lady you spoke of, and in my opinion she has not forgotten you. If you love her the same as ever—and I would not write this if I did not believe it—come home. With regard to money matters, it happens that I am now in search of some gentleman to live at my place in Sussex, air the house, and look after the farm and the shooting. The man who is there at present, Major Anson, who receives five hundred a year from me, has come into money and a house of his own. If you will not mind taking such a thing, which perhaps you will not for another person's sake, I think you would like the neighborhood—there is good hunting and shooting, and I know Miss Western thinks it pretty. Do not wait to write, if you can accept my offer, but come home *immediately*.

"This matter, as you will understand, must be between ourselves whatever the result. I hope you have quite recovered from your illness by this time. Believe me, yours truly, SHAFTO ELPHINSTONE."

He dispatched this missive of doom by a groom, and having renewed his toilette, went down to breakfast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE SITE OF TROY.

VON. MOLTKE'S VIEWS.

Marshal Von Moltke, during his military mission in Turkey, found time to pay a visit to the supposed site of Troy, and he describes this visit in his recently published book:—

I directed my footsteps (he says) towards a spot to which are attached the oldest of historical souvenirs, but where time has probably blotted out all traces of man's handiwork, towards Ilion. Strange to say, one still has pointed out to one with great appearances of probability the theatre of events which were related centuries ago by a blind poet, and which occurred centuries again before his day. Nature has remained the same. Here are the two streams where the women of Troy washed their "shining robes," there the Simois descends from Mount Ida and confounds its turbulent waters with the calm flood of the Scamander. The waves still roar around Cape Sigeum and the Island of Imbros. The white peak of Mount Ida, from whence Jupiter contemplated the doings of gods and of men, is visible from every point in the plain, and Posseidon, "who made the earth to tremble," could not indeed have found a more splendid seat than "the loftiest point of verdant Samothrace, from the height of which he witnessed the strife and its issue." In the "Iliad" it is necessary to make a distinction between the truth of the events which occurred and that of the poem itself. That all the princes of whom Homer speaks combatted beneath the walls of Pergamos may be as doubtful as the genealogy of his demi-gods; but one thing is certain—Homer made his story fit in with the locality, which he must have known most thoroughly The site of the city is determined by the fact that the Scamander's source was just beneath it and that the waters of the Simois washed its walls. When it is necessary to fix it more exactly, the opinions of the savants vary considerably; I, who am not an authority in science, was merely guided by military instinct towards the spot which one would choose for the erection of an impregnable fort. If, after leaving the Turkish fortress of Rumkalih, at the southern issue of the Dardenelles, you sail up the Simois for three hours, you will find that the plain leads to a chain of hills at the foot of which is situated the village of Bunarbaschi. It received its present name from the source of the Scamander, which there springs out of the chalkstone. Let us now ascend the slight incline, and we shall reach the spot where most travellers place Troy. Farther on—about a thousand yards off—there is a deep gorge, and beyond a still higher plateau, about five hundred feet long, which is undoubtedly the position of Pergama. A small mound is held to be the tomb of Hector. And now, starting from this supposed tomb, take eight hundred steps forward in the same direction towards the mass of stones which is perhaps the fallen tower of the Scean gate, whence Priam watched the combatants and whence the son of Andromache started back in terror before the plumed helmet of his sire.

You then see before you a piece of ground, about five hundred feet each way, and behind you some heights which served for the citadel of Priam, with its six hundred apartments. These heights are bounded on three sides by inaccessible cliffs; the fourth side is practicable, and it is there that must have been situate the Scean gate—the only one, indeed, that is mentioned as existing. From thence the view embraces the source of the Scamander and the plains where the battles took place, the windings of the Simois, the tombs of Achilles and of Ajax, the position occupied by the fleet near the sandy shore, Mount Ida and the verdant Samothrace. Nor is this all; along these heights I discovered foundations of walls cutting each other at right angles, and built of stones of various kinds without cement. I will not argue that these are the walls of the houses of Troy, but it is well known that temples have been raised and towns christened in memory of that city. It may be that some such monument has sprung from the ruins of ancient Troy, and that they have furnished the numerous capitals and sculptured columns which cover the whole cemetery of the wretched village of Bunarbaschi. Among the most remarkable objects in this very interesting country are the tombs; that of Achilles is especially easy of recognition by the description given of it in Homer.

☞ The Atlanta Sun has given to the world this masterly attempt at verse making:

Mary had a little lamb,
She had it in the garden,
And every time it wagged its tail,
It spoilt her Dolly Varden.

☞ There are twelve women in the Ohio Penitentiary, and the chaplain says that they make more trouble that the whole nine hundred men. Which is, perhaps, natural enough. For the Golden Age remarks—"Women don't appear to best advantage in prison. It is not their sphere. It is different with men."


**Talk at the Toilet.**

Every lady's maid knows that the bewitching beings who pave their triumphant way with conquered hearts, regard a splendid head of hair as the most effective of all womanly fascinations. They believe, and they are right, that they can *dress* as many beaux with the luxurious ringlets and glossy braids as they can "kill at sight" with their beaming eyes. Hence in their "toilet talk" among themselves and with their attendants, the merits of preparations for the hair are freely canvassed, and the latest result of this discussion seems to be the almost universal adoption of LYON'S KATHAIRON as an article better adapted to promote the growth and beauty of the "Chief Glory of Woman" than any other at present before the world. They say that without irritating the skin of the head it eradicates dandruff, and that it penetrates below the surface to the roots of the hair, endowing them with new life and vigor.


☞ The Wyoming Journal publishes the following in its advertising rates: "Fees for marriage notices as high as the ecstacy and liberality of the bridegroom may prompt."


**Rupture.**—We again call the attention of all afflicted with Hernia to the easy and effectual remedy afforded by the Elastic Truss. The high commendation it is receiving from all quarters shows how readily this invention (so complete and so much needed) will supersede all torturing metal instruments. We advise all sufferers to send for a descriptive circular to THE Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York.

ap27-12t


☞ The Jenkins of a Sac, Iowa, paper, in writing up a reception, says: "Miss Sloody was noticeable for her large feet, and Miss Summers for her excessive perfume of musk-rat odor."


**Pints and quarts** of filthy catharrhal discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane, lining the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This life-liquid was to build up the system, but it is extracted, and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain flesh and strength by using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them, apply DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY with DR. PIERCE'S NASAL DOUCHE, the only method of reaching the upper cavities where the discharge accumulates and comes from. The instrument and two medicines sold for $2 by all Druggists. 471

**How We Used to be Physicked.**

Who does not remember the time when Spring purgation was considered indispensable to summer health? No matter for wry faces, the inevitable salts and senna, rhubarb, or calomel and jalap, must be administered. These "spring medicines" the youngsters were told, were to keep them hale and hearty during the summer. We all know now that this was a fallacy; that new vigor, not depletion, is what is required at the commencement of the summer solstice. As a preparation for the enervating effects of oppressive summer weather, a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is highly expedient. This famous vegetable preparation has three prominent properties: It renovates, purifies and regulates all the functions of the body. It is composed exclusively of pure vegetable productions, viz.: The essential principle of Monongahela Rye, and the most efficacious tonic and alterative roots, barks, and gums known to medical botanists. Hence it is an absolutely safe medicine, and no tincture of the Pharmacopœia can compare with it either in purity, or in the variety of its objects, and its comprehensive results. Happily for mankind, the theory that it was necessary to prostrate a patient in order to cure him, is forever exploded, and the true philosophical doctrine, that vigor is the great antagonist of disease, has taken its place. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is an invigorant, and hence it is the proper medicine for the feeble at this most trying season of the year.

Be sure that you obtain the genuine article, as there are innumerable vile imitations in the market. Look to the ornamental stamp, the engraved label, and the name blown into the glass. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is sold in bottles only. 1m



## For Moth Patches, Freckles & Tan

Use PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION. The well known reliable and harmless remedy for Removing Brown Discolorations of the Face.

Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by every Druggist in Philadelphia, and elsewhere. mh30-3m

## SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure Flesh Worms, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations of the Face.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere. mh30-3m

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

## REDUCTION OF PRICE!

### SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

**WITHIN THE MAZE;**

OR,

**LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.**

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

**UNA AND HER LIONS.**
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

**QUEEN COQUETTA.**
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

**ONLY A WISH.**
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords," etc., etc.

**MISSION WORK.**
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

**AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.**
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

### ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

### MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

**The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!**

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

**TERMS—Always in Advance.**

One Copy, . . . . . $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, payable to *our order*.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,

*319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.



## DR. RADWAY'S
## SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
### THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

**KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,**

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.

RADWAY & CO.,
my11-4t 32 Warren St., New York.



**Burnett's Cologne Water** wins for itself a favorite place on the dressing-table.


☞ A Chicago man, arrested for drunkenness, averred that he was not intoxicated, and said the illusion proceeded from the fact that he wore magnifying goggles, which made every particle of dust on the walk seem a boulder, and consequently he lifted his feet high.

THE
# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

**TERMS---Always in Advance.**

One Copy, . . . $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.50) for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

## NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

## FOR SALE.

An interest in this paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is for sale to an active, competent young man with capital.

### EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FEMALE ATTIRE.

How shocked would those ladies of our "first society" be, if they knew that their torturing and ill-formed shoes on whose stilt-like heels they tilt and suffer, no Paris shoekeeper would ever offer to a lady. For more than two years American women, especially young girls, have walked the public streets with conspicuous chains and lockets, or flaunting bows of ribbon, attracting the attention of every passing gazer, solacing themselves by the thought that it was "perfectly French." If so, it was a custom which no French lady would wear on the public pavement. The dress of the French lady is artistic, simple, faultless—faultless often because it is simplicity itself. She may wear brilliant colors in her drawing-room, and in her carriage—never on the street. When she walks she wears black or gray, and it never drags on the ground. When she goes to church, she wears the same colors—is always attired in the simplest manner. This is true also of Italy. In the Sistine chapel, Rome, no lady can enter unless attired in black, with no covering on the head but a veil of the same hue. What a contrast to the church attire of American women! They are accustomed to think of themselves as perfect saints compared with Italian and French women, yet they enter the house of God as they would a theatre.

They don their gayest plumage, hang on all their chains and lockets, take off their kid gloves to show their diamond rings in the sacred temple just as in the academy of music. Worse, they stare and comment on each other's costumes, and absolutely make the church of worship a place in which to study the fashions. The same lack of fitness in dress is seen in the utter disregard to age, as well as occasions, in the adaptation of dress. The woman of thirty or forty may be as beautiful as a woman of twenty, by her own right, if there's no incongruity between her years and her attire. It is only when the woman of forty dresses like the girl of twenty that she looks absurd. A French married lady never wears a round hat; an English lady only in travelling; an English maiden never at church. Yet everywhere in America matrons with faces lined and scarred, may be seen with staring jockeys, set on the gray heads like helmets, beflowered and befeathered, and more fantastic than the ones worn by their little daughters of ten. Flannel, and linen and muslin, are worthy of their princesses abroad, but they are by no means fine enough for the little princes and princesses American. All of which is not French, though to be "perfectly French" has been the alpha and omega of our alphabet in dress.

### HYDRATE OF CHLORAL.

An alarming increase in the consumption of hydrate of chloral points to the fact that it is being used in the most reckless manner. It is superceding absinthe, opium, and alcoholic stimulants; and while its action is so insidious, its use grows more dangerous than the more actively intoxicating drinks. In Europe the manufacture of this article has increased enormously. Liebig says that a single establishment in Germany produces half a ton per week; while, according to the London Spectator, "taking chloral is the new and popular vice, particularly among women, and is doing at least as much harm as alcohol. The drug is kept in thousands of dressing-cases, and those who begin to use it often grow so addicted to it that they pass their lives in a sort of contented stupefaction.

### PASSAGE TO EUROPE.

There is a great rush to Europe this spring; in fact, it is difficult to secure passages in any of the out-bound steamers. Although there are several excellent lines, there seems an opening for more. A new line of iron steamships from Philadelphia to Liverpool will soon commence regular trips, and then will be seen the novel spectacle in American waters of the launch of an American iron steamship, built of American materials, owned by American capital, and to be manned by American seamen. The four steamers of this line are to be named the Pennsylvania, the Ohio, the Indiana, and the Illinois. The steamers of the Inman line are named after cities, the White Star line after oceans and seas, the National line after nations, the Williams & Guion after American States, the Cunard after islands and colonies, and the French line after eminent men.

WARNING TO PARENTS.—Strange that parents cannot learn—what it would seem that natural affection and sympathy should teach them—that it is not only cruel but dangerous to expose a child to the influence of extreme fear. It matters little whether the fear springs from a real or an imaginary cause. Not long ago a father and mother in Detroit left their four-year-old son alone one evening. The child begged to be taken with them, saying he was afraid of bears and wolves. He screamed violently when they left the house, and on their return they found him insane. It is feared that he will be an idiot for life.

A SUBSCRIBER in the West writes to us, asking for some back numbers of THE POST, sending the money for them, and says: "Some of my friends have relieved me of the above numbers, before I found time to read them." We hope all *friends of* that kind will happen to read this item, wherein we will now express, for their benefit, our opinion that such borrowing is not quite as bad as stealing.

☞ Who can have any respect for a man, who, on passing the laundry and seeing the girls at work, will consent to make such a remark as "Wring out, wild belles."—*Exchange.*

### PRIMROSE AND VIOLET.

Primrose and violet, down in the lane,
Trod by our footsteps so lightly of old,
I welcome you out of the earth again,
In your shaded purple and sunlit gold.

Only—if only the warm spring sun
Brought back the dead who died with the flowers!
Ye are so many, and she was but one,
Who faded forever from earthly bowers.

Closed her blue eyes as the violets slept,
Sank with the primroses into the earth:
None could awaken her, loud though they wept:
She will not joy in the flowers' new birth.

Primrose and violet, mine still in death
Those of your kindred she gave to me here:
Granting my prayer for her youthful faith,
And she had withered before they were sere.

Yet I must live, and must live for the right—
It is for her and to see her again:
And you—ye shall be where she lies this night,
And die on her dead heart, as I would fain.

## The Liberal Presidential Convention at Cincinnati.

["Zig" is in Cincinnati, and she sends us this week an account of the Convention. THE POST is "neutral in politics," and has enjoined neutrality upon all its correspondents. And having read over Zig's article, it seems to us entirely neutral, containing nothing that can give offence either to Liberal or Regular Republican, or to any Democrat.—ED. POST.]

All sorts, sizes, and shades of people came to that Convention. Three gangs of thieves came from the East, to begin on, and they did about the liveliest business of anybody in town, during the Convention, as many an unhappy delegate found out to his sorrow,—likewise some folks who weren't delegates. People white and black poured into the city from all parts of the Union. White and black fraternized in a way unusual even in these days of liberty and equality. I remember standing in the Mercantile Library rooms, and looking out at the Gibson House front, nearly opposite, one day of the Convention. Across the hotel balcony was inscribed, in great black letters, "Headquarters Louisiana Delegation." There was a great crowd, and buzzing, and running to and fro of people and carriages, about the hotel. And mingled in among the fairer faces of the white delegates were numerous intelligent dark faces, also faces of delegates. Up at one of the third-story windows, sitting in a low rocking-chair, enjoying the animated scene below, I noticed an elegantly dressed, handsome lady, evidently, wherever she came from, belonging among the highest figures of the upper ten. At the very next window, also sitting in a low rocking-chair, also enjoying the animated scene below, was a young woman black as the ace of clubs, (the ace of spades is always blue, you know), wearing the overwhelming set of chignons, big as a peck measure, I should think, and the becomingest of Dolly Vardens. Whereupon, in my mind's eye, I threw up my hat, and exclaimed to myself, *Liberté et Egalité!*

The Convention was held in the great Industrial Exposition Hall, which is big enough to hold a small-sized World's Fair. You have read of, may be attended, one of our great Industrial Fairs, in autumn, here at Cincinnati. The Exposition Hall was prepared for the Convention occasion, with seats for ten thousand people, and at every sitting of the Convention there were at least twelve thousand present. So you may form some idea of what a sea of humanity there was, a vast, eager, excitable, and possibly a bit unruly multitude. Blue-coated policemen guarded every crook and corner, and talked themselves hoarse with orders like this:

"Make room dis way, if you bleeze. It's yust so good for anoddar as for you!"

A portion of the lower floor of Exposition Hall was set apart for delegates, reporters, and convention officials. The rest of that floor and the huge gallery above, were given up to "lookers-on in Venice." (I believe it's Venice, isn't it?) Looking down at the great sea of heads below, and then up at the great shore of heads above, made my own head as dizzy as if I had been watching a see-sawing rocking-chair in a looking-glass. My head is very easily turned. And speaking of heads, particularly turned heads, reminds me to notice a curious case of turned heads—of heads turned bald. Looking down upon that sea of heads, you perceived that that sea of heads of delegates was a sea of bald-headed delegates. You never saw so many people "bare-footed on top of the head" in your life. Ninety-nine-hundredths of those delegates were bald. So that the manifest inference to be drawn is that politics has a ruinous effect on a man's capillary adornments. If you wish to preserve your flowing ambrosial locks intact, don't touch politics. For politics takes the hair off a man's head worse than matrimony.

The chair occupied by the President of the Liberal Convention was the chair in which John Adams sat when he signed the Declaration of Independence. It was a cushioned arm-chair, covered with some sort of brown cloth, an ordinary-looking chair enough, to the physical eye, but a throne of enchantment to the eye of the soul. For, looking at that simple relic of the olden times, Exposition Halll and the twelve thousand people in it fade away in a dissolving view, Cincinnati itself is a wilderness, unpressed as yet by the foot of white man, and in a city far to the eastward, the eye of the soul sees a band of devoted, intensely excited men, sitting in a hall with carefully closed doors, debating what the grand, fearless patriot who sits in the brown-covered chair rises and tells them is, "The greatest question ever debated in America, and as great as ever was or will be debated among men." Yet more the soul's eye sees. Presently it notices a sudden movement among the throngs and throngs of people who crowd about the adjacent streets, a movement toward the old State House. In the State House steeple is a bell, brought from London twenty-three years before, by the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania. On the bell happens to be engraved this text of Scripture: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitan s thereof." A movement like a quick wave or breath, then a wild, glad, thrilling peal from the State House steeple, and old Independence bell tells the anxious crowd below and the world that the Declaration of Independence has been adopted.

Ah! there were statesmen in those days! Statesmen, orators, patriots, heroes there were, and almost the noblest Roman of them all was he who sat in the brown-covered arm-chair on that momentous day. I wish there were a few like him now!

All this passes like phantasmagoria before the eye of the soul, then suddenly, as if wakening from a dream, the mind comes back to Exposition Hall and its Presidential Convention of ten thousand modern politicians. "Comparisons is odorous," therefore let us not compare.

Exposition Hall was handsomely decorated with evergreens, and ornamental shields, each with the name of a State painted on it. The delegates from each of the principal States had a caucus-room to themselves, somewhere in the city, and in these caucus-rooms, with closed doors, the delegates of the nation hatched measures mighty or not, just according as one looks at them. At Exposition Hall, at short intervals, a band of music uttered strains of music sweet and pure enough to have been listened to on a four dollar opera ticket. A little to the left of the speaker's platform, in the great, wide lower hall, was the Western Union Telegraph office, with connecting wires from all the great lines in the country, brought right down there into Exposition Hall, and all the proceedings were telegraphed right off hot from the lips of the delegates, just as they fell, to anxious politicians in all the four corners of this great United States. They say that never before in the history of the nation were such feats of journalism and telegraphing performed as at this Convention. You see I have described all these little particulars thus minutely because I'm taking it for granted that folks can't go to a Presidential Convention every day, and that these details will be of interest to you as they are to me.

As you have seen from the papers, Hon. Carl Shurz, soldier, orator, scholar, and Senator, was elected President of the Convention. I wanted to see him, mainly, as I am free to confess, to see if he resembled his pictures in Harper's Weekly. Well, I saw him on the sidewalk the first day of the Convention, and as truly as you're alive, I recognized him from the pictures in Harper's Weekly. Fact. His speech was reported to be a very eloquent one, but "scrouged" back as we were in a corner of the gallery, to us it was—in short, it was *nix*, a mumble, jumble, fiddledefaddle, with a word now and then which we could hear, as "a breath of victory," "popular heart," "great American people," and so on. But this I noticed, from the words caught now and then, that Carl Shurz talks English perfectly, the purest English of any foreigner I ever heard speak in my life. The favorite candidate in the beginning of the Convention appeared to be Charles Francis Adams. Indeed, thousands of sanguine people went to bed Thursday night feeling in their bones that Mr. Adams would be the nominee. Friday morning up to the sixth ballot Mr. Adams was still ahead. Then suddenly, by some sort of political chicanery, "scull-duggery" somebody calls it, Illinois and Pennsylvania suddenly went over to Horace Greeley, and on the sixth ballot he obtained a majority of all the votes.

So "Old White Hat," the Farmer of What's its Name, received the nomination for President. ZIG.

### THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet,
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

His youth was innocent; his riper age,
Marked with some act of goodness, every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm, and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

## AUNT ALICE ABROAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We read so many letters from "foreign correspondents," and meet so many returned travellers, that we expect to find very little for which we are not prepared when it comes our turn to visit Great Britain. Yet, from the hour we land in Liverpool until we return there on our way home, we are constantly seeing or hearing something to surprise us. Small matters mostly; sometimes mere trifles in speech or in manner, yet new and unexpected.

What immense dray horses they have in Liverpool! like great monsters compared to our draught horses. And what loads they draw! And the funny little donkeys, poor little things, almost hidden under their loads. See! a woman is punching one with a sharp stick to make it move faster with a loaded cart behind it.

"What large building is that with all those great columns?" we ask. The driver tells us it is "St. George's Hall;" and immediately opposite is the Northwestern Hotel, a new and splendid building. Here we stop, enter, and soon have our rooms assigned us by the polite and active lady clerks in the office, who, calling a chambermaid, place us in her care, and we ascend the wide marble stair, with its frescoed arch bearing the signs of the Zodiac, and the figure of youth (or is it hope?) standing in the prow of a boat, pointing forward, while "*Experience*" sits thoughtful in the stern. But now we are up stairs, for we were not sent up so high as is often the case in hotels, and find our room large and pleasant, beautifully furnished, and from the large clean windows we look out upon the front of St. George's Hall and its many white stone steps, said to be over two hundred feet wide.

For the past ten days we have been tossing about on the ocean, and feel like taking a good rest, so we turn from the window and lie down upon the sofa.

Feeling thirsty, we rang the bell for the servant. It was answered by a smart, well-dressed young woman, with a tasty little cap upon her abundant brown hair.* We wondered at this addition to her otherwise appropriate toilette; and as she stood with her hands crossed demurely before us, we asked her for some drinking water, meaning ice-water of course, as it was midsummer. The servant looked at us, then walking up to a table, took up a *bottle* of water which we had not noticed, and pouring out some of it into a glass, handed it to us with a smile. "What is that?" we asked, not feeling inclined for anything out of a bottle! "Water, ma'am," she replied. We merely moistened our lips with the bottled water, finding that ice water was not comeatable in English hotels.

The odd-looking hansom in which we rode from the landing, I forgot to mention in its proper place. We must have seen hundreds of them during our short drive, with their occupants shut in, as we were, below their shoulders; indeed only the heads of short persons can be seen as they ride along, and the driver sits on the top behind in a little chair-like seat, and when he has no fare in he seems in danger of toppling over backwards. But they are nice, neat little vehicles after all, and well patronized.

We passed through a beautiful country as we went by railway from Liverpool to London. The farms were much larger than we had expected to see, but those who cultivate the ground do not own it, and where these hired hands lived, we could not tell; for the houses were far apart, and some must have long distances to go to their work. English railway *carriages* as they are called, seem small and confined when compared with our American *cars*. We missed the life and bustle, the constant changes at each station, usual in our American cars, where thirty or forty persons are in one car at a time; while these little carriages only accommodate six or eight persons, and are seldom full.

We even longed for the "pop-corn boy," with his ever-ready reply to those who wish to chaff him. No man with books comes in to break the monotony of the ride, and "prize envelopes" are not offered to greenhorns.

London at last, and we go to a hotel at Blackfriars, preferring this busy old street so near to Ludgate Hill and to St. Pauls, and not far from the Thames. We will not name the inn, but of all funny old-fashioned places it has ever been our lot to see this was the most so. It must have been two or three old private dwellings converted into a hotel.

Not wishing to mount too many steps, we stipulated for a room on the second floor while our companions ascended higher, and had larger rooms. We cared not for the confined dimensions of our room, thinking we could go to the "ladies' parlor" if we needed more space. Our room was the inevitable little room always made above the front hall at the head of the first stairway. Here was a funny little fire-place with a grate, filled now with seaweed and tissue paper, *very* ornamental, and against this our trunk was placed. One window looked out on an alley, with a fine view of chimney-pots in the distance. We made out to change our dusty garments, to freshen up as best we could with the small allowance of water given us, and then descended to look up the ladies' parlor. Alas! it was not to be found, and we were told that the "coffee-room" was the only place we could occupy when we left our own private room.

"*Coffee*-room!" Why they do not call it the *tea*-room, is a wonder; as they seldom have coffee, and when it is ordered, 'tis not fit to drink.

We found an English breakfast to be rather a poor affair when compared with an American breakfast. Fish, oh, yes, fish always and forever; they cannot conceive of a breakfast without fish! Boiled eggs are also a necessity, and they seldom cook them in any other way. If ham and eggs are ordered, you can have the eggs fried, but as to an omelette they know nothing about it, and scrambled eggs are unknown. An English dinner is often very good; that is, it is substantial, but they have not the variety we are accustomed to, and as to dessert, it is meagre indeed; plum pudding of course; but pies, ices, and the many tempting trifles so common in America, are not to be obtained at English hotels.

But if one wishes to be starved outright, let them sit down to an English "tea!" The meal is well named, for it is tea, and nothing else. A little thin bread and butter, and perhaps a dish of jam. No other relish, such as cold tongue, chipped beef, or the like. Seldom even cake. Yet every member of an English family will make an effort to attend this, to us, sparse meal, and they each and all seem to enjoy it, drinking numerous cups of rather weak tea; and partaking of slice after slice of bread and butter. The table is always set with great care, all the silver, china, and glass shining brightly on the snowy damask; but just fancy a hungry man returning from a walk, or ride, put down to this poor glitter of plate with nothing to eat! Like the Irishman who was offered soup bones for dinner, they might well exclaim—

"Ate, ate! *What* shall I ate?
When it's all knuckles, and no mate."

How much we did miss our strong coffee for breakfast, and our hot biscuit, griddle cakes, corn bread, omelettes and veal cutlets! For we were sight seeing, and came in hungry to each meal! Do you wonder that we often sent out for cold roast chicken, pastry, and cake, which we partook of in our own room, moistened with a glass of Sand's ale, as coffee was not to be had?

But of the sights and sounds of London, what can we say? Is it not all told over and over again, yet always enjoyable? We are taught so much of English history in our youth in America, that we are prepared for much that is to be seen in this great city, a world in itself; but when we climb the winding stairs of the Tower of London and entering Beachem tower, look upon the carvings left in that dismal prison by poor sufferers who pined away their lives therein centuries ago, we can scarcely realize where we are.

We change this dismal scene by spending an hour in Hyde Park, where hundreds of equestrians ride gayly up and down, and we think to ourselves that we would much prefer a canter over our own prairies to this confined space. But it is a matter of taste.

We attended services in St. Pauls, and heard the great organ, as well, yes better, than the minister who officiated, for he spoke too low for the space his voice had to fill; and we looked with wonder at the boy choir, and felt more impressed by their white robes than with their singing.

We enjoyed the great Cathedral more on a week day, when we could wander about its spacious isles, look up at the great dome, and study the statuary at our leisure.

AUNT ALICE.

*"I found that all female servants both in England and Scotland were required to wear caps. It is a sort of badge of servitude, like the iron collars of the serfs of old. A Scotch lady asked me quite seriously how our servants could be distinguished from the ladies of the house if they did not wear caps! Rather hard on the ladies that, I should say.

## The Marquis of Bute and his Bride.

Since the Princess Louise wedded the Marquis of Lorne last spring, no marriage has created such a sensation in English fashionable life as that of the Marquis of Bute and Lady Gwendoline Fitzalan Howard. The bridegroom, besides being the wealthiest subject in England, is fairly overburdened with honors and titles, and under the character of Lothair, has become known to the world at large through Disraeli's celebrated novel. The novelist, however, took some liberties with facts, for the real Lothair has ended by marrying Lady Gwendoline, the original of the Lady Clare Arundel discarded in the story, herself an Arundel, and the scion of the oldest and most powerful Catholic family of England.

John Patrick Crichton Stuart, the third Marquis of Bute, is also Earl of Windsor and Viscount Mountjoy, Baron Mountstuart, Earl of Dumfries, Earl of Bute, Viscount of Ayr, Viscount Kingarth, Lord Mountstuart, Cumea, and Inchmarnock, Baron Crichton of Sanquhar, Lord Crichton and Cumnock, Hereditary Keeper of Rothesay Castle, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Pius. All his titles are hereditary save the last two, which were bestowed on him by the Pope. In him, therefore, are concentrated the dignities of a marquis, three earls, three viscounts, three barons, and five lords. He was born September 12, 1847, and is consequently twenty-five years old. He is tall and stalwart, with a dark complexion and black hair, growing low on his forehead. His wealth is immense, his yearly income being not less than two million dollars. His bride, the Lady Gwendoline Mary Anne Fitzalan Howard, is the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Edward George Fitzalan-Howard of Glossop. She is eighteen years old, having been born February 21, 1854, and is very beautiful, with brilliant complexion, violet eyes, and rich golden-brown hair. She is cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, the Premier Peer of Great Britain, and has in her own right an income of nearly half a million a year. Her mother, who died in 1862, was the only daughter and heiress of the Hon. George Henry Talbot, and niece of the seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury. Lord Howard has since married a daughter of Ambrose De Lisle, Esq., of Garendon Park, Leicestershire.

The marriage was solemnized on April 16 in the chapel of the Oratory of St. Phillip Neri, at Brompton, by Archbishop Manning, assisted by Monseigneur Capel. The building is capable of holding from 2000 to 3000 persons. The bride was richly dressed in white satin and point lace, with magnificent diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by the Hon. Angela, Hon. Alice, Hon. Winifred, and Hon. Constance Howard (her sisters,) Lady Philippa Fitzalan-Howard (her cousin,) Lady Flora Hastings (daughter of the Countess of Loudoun,) Miss Manners (daughter of Lord George and Lady Adeliza Manners,) and Miss De Lisle (Lady Howard of Glossop's sister.) The bridesmaids were dressed in white, with pink trimmings.

The bridegroom was attended by Lord Manchline. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony itself, which in the Roman Catholic Church is very short, a Low Mass was said by Monseigneur Capel, and the Holy Communion administered to the newly-married pair; after which Monseigneur Capel delivered a brief address. Then the Archbishop gave his benediction, and the ceremony was at an end. The bride and bridegroom were loudly cheered on their departure by a great crowd which had assembled outside. After the breakfast, the newly-married pair left by a special train from Paddington for Cardiff Castle. It may be mentioned that at the signing of the register the Dukes of Cambridge, Argyle, and Northumberland, and Mr. Disraeli were among the signatories.

At Cardiff, Lord and Lady Bute were most enthusiastically received. The broad thoroughfare from the railway to the castle was beautifully decorated with transparencies, trophies, and banners. The weather was very fine, and crowds of visitors came into the town by excursion trains. There was a public breakfast in the town-hall, a dinner for 6000 or 7000 school-children, and athletic sports in the public park. On the arrival of the bride and bridegroom a salute of guns was fired, and the distinguished pair were received by the mayor and corporation. After the Marchioness had been presented with a bouquet of flowers by a bevy of young ladies dressed in white, a congratulatory address was read, to which the Marquis made a very feeling and sensible reply. Then he and his wife drove in an open carriage to the castle. In the evening there was a general illumination. Rejoicings also took place on Lord Bute's Scottish estates.

## PERSONAL.

ADELINA PATTI owns more diamonds than any lady of the nobility in Europe.

MADAME TAGLIONI, having become poor in her old age, is now giving private lessons in dancing to a select class of pupils in London.

MRS. MOULTON, the vocalist, has retired from public on account of the recent death of her husband.

FIFTY-SIX is the official age, by record, of Charlotte Cushman.

EDWIN FORREST came out on Chestnut street on Friday, May 10, to show that Rob Roy was on his native heath once more.

THE following are the ages of some of the most celebrated French authors now living: Guizot, 85; George Sand, 68; Michelet, 74; Miguet, 76; Victor Hugo, 70, and Thiers, 76.

MR. BARNUM is said to be wearing crape for the recent death in St. Louis of a colored lady who weighed over nine hundred pounds—twice as much as the late lamented Daniel Lambert.

MLLE. PAULINE LUCCA (Baroness von Baden) has been received with extraordinary favor at Covent Garden, London, at her first appearance as Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo." She is now the reigning queen of opera in Europe.

MEISSONNIER lately received $40,000 for a single painting.

GOUNOD, the composer, is under composing treatment in a hospital for nervous diseases.

DISRAELI'S estate of Hughenden Manor, in Buckinghamshire, consists of about a thousand acres. He has represented that county since 1847. He was only twenty when he took the novel-reading public by surprise with "Vivian Gray," and that was forty-seven years ago.

A RICH Australian, named Manate, has recently deceased. He once sent to London for a *ton* of books to fit up a library at his colonial home.

ROYAL ladies in Europe cannot govern their own health. The Empress of Austria is consumptive, the Empress of Russia suffers from gout and dropsy of the heart, the Empress of Germany is a victim of rheumatism, the Queen of Holland is subject to frequent fits of hysteria, the Queen of Portugal is a confirmed invalid, and the Queen of Denmark is deaf.

NILSSON'S farewell, at the New York Academy of Music, on Monday evening, 29th of April, was an event of deep popular as well as artistic interest, and the journals expand on it accordingly. The Tribune, describing the final adieux, says:

It seemed as if the thought of all the worship and devotion she has excited during the year was with her last night, and she was moved by a grateful impulse to reward her adorers, once for all, without reserve. When the curtain fell for the last time, a quite unusual demonstration took place. The shower of bouquets was more than she could carry away. Four times she was called back to receive the clamorous farewells of the audience. When she appeared finally before the curtain, excited, flushed and moved by the evident sincerity and warmth of the greetings she was receiving perhaps for the last time, the house rose and cheered. It will be long before the picture of the Northern prima donna, as she stood last night behind the footlights crowned with perfect success and that final grace which comes from deep feeling, will fade from the memory of those who were there.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, the distinguished poet and artist, died on Saturday night, May 11, in New York city, of an attack of pneumonia, superinduced by the lingering effects of a fever from which he recently suffered while in Italy. Mr. Read was a native of Chester, Pa., where he was born March 12th, 1822. At an early age he removed to Cincinnati, where he became a pupil of Clevinger, the sculptor. He afterwards turned his attention to painting and literature, in which he acquired a high reputation. Subsequently he moved to Boston, and in that city his first volume of poems was published. Mr. Read made several visits to Europe, residing, when in the United States, at Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and he had returned from his last European journey only a few days before his death. Among his most celebrated works are the poems of "The New Pastoral," "The House by the Sea," "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," and "Sylvia; or, the Lost Shepherd," and the prose romance of "The Pilgrims of the Great St. Bernard." His group of "Longfellow's Children" is esteemed one of his best pictures. His equestrian portrait of General Sheridan, and his poem, in which the general's famous ride is described, are well known.

CONCERNING the mother of the young lady who has just become the Marchioness of Bute this romantic story is told: She is the daughter of the first wife of Lord Edward Howard, brother to the late Duke of Norfolk, and previous to her marriage was the subject of almost national interest. Her father, brother of the (then Roman Catholic) Earl of Shrewsbury, having died, she became a ward in Chancery, and resided with her mother (who married, secondly, Mr. Berkley) until that lady's death. She was then put under the guardianship of the late Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. They placed her in a convent, not as a visitor or a pupil, but as a postulant, with the avowed object of allowing her to take the veil and become a nun. She was to take the white veil in the following September, and the black veil a year after, and would be entitled soon after to $400,000, the whole of which would become the property of the Church of Rome, which, it is well known, is not at all averse to swallowing such good things. Now it so happened that about that time the British public was in one of its periodical fits of anti-Catholic mania. John Bull had been exasperated by the Pope's parceling out England into Roman Catholic dioceses, and was hot for Lord Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles bill. So when the case of this high-born young lady was brought forward by her step-father there were howls of indignation. The end of it was, happily, instead of becoming a nun she became the wife of an amiable and excellent Roman Catholic nobleman, and the mother of a daughter who has caught the richest matrimonial prize in old England.

THE ladies now belonging to the diplomatic corps at Washington are, Madame Blacque, at present styled "*la doyenne*," as wife of the dean of the corps, Blacque Bey, the Turkish minister; Lady Thornton, wife of the British minister; Madame Garcia, wife of the Argentine minister; Madame Freyre, wife of the Peruvian minister; Madame Borges, wife of the Brazilian minister; and Madame Suaza Lobo, wife of the Portuguese minister. The new Spanish minister, Admiral Polo, is married, but his wife has not yet arrived. The wives of the ministers are very attractive women. Madame Blacque is very handsome. She is a *brune*, with flashing dark eyes and brilliant complexion; has very quiet manners and a soft, low voice. She has two little children, born in America during her first residence here, before her departure for Europe, nearly two years ago. As *la doyenne*, the wife of the Turkish minister receives the greatest deference from the other ladies of the corps, who regard her as their leader, and her action in regard to social questions which may arise is considered as establishing a precedent to be followed by themselves. Lady Thornton is a very tall, slender, English blonde, whose appearance indicates delicate health. Her face is a most interesting one. She converses with much readiness, and possesses the rare charm of appearing interested in those she meets. More especially is this the case when she has it in her power to show kindness to others; her quick sympathies seem always ready to respond when she is able to relieve suffering. Sir Edward and Lady Thornton have three or four children, the eldest of whom, a son, they placed at school in England during their recent visit there. Madame Garcia is one of the women born to reign in society. She has the power of captivating those brought within the sphere of her influence to an extent rarely observed. It is not only her appearance that so takes possession, though that is remarkable, but her brilliant conversation, her cultivated manner, and her seductive way of saying the pleasantest things possible to you, make you, in the course of fifteen minutes' conversation, one of her most ardent admirers. She is strikingly handsome; has a commanding figure, though she is not taller than the average, large black eyes with great power of expression, a clear *brune* complexion, and fine teeth. She is a very intellectual woman, with a decidedly literary turn, and has published a novel, and, I believe, other books. Madame Freyre is a daughter of an ex-President of Colombia, South America, a highly accomplished woman, with attractive manners and face, and a fine musician. Madame Borges is a woman of great refinement, prepossessing appearance, and dresses with taste in rich but well-selected toilettes. Madame Santa Lobo is the daughter of a wealthy New York gentleman, Mr. Allien. She met her husband and married him in Paris not a year ago. She had resided there some time prior to her marriage. Senor Lobo belonged to the Portuguese legation in Paris before his appointment here. She is a blonde of stylish appearance, musical, and a fine conversationalist. And such are the wives of the ministers from foreign parts. As for the dean of the corps, Blacque Bey, he is a man of great independence, and utterly devoid of pretension. He is tall, handsome, and robust, a fine vocalist and capital talker, and has been many years in the diplomatic service. Instead of being a "regular old Turk," he and his wife are of Christian descent, and both are Roman Catholics.

### AT LAST.

Only one song can I sing—
She is mine;
All things with the echo ring—
She is mine.
Ever young and ever old,
Love laughs at the story told:
She is mine.

In her eyes, I read each day
She is mine.
In each word, I hear her say
She is mine.
Music, roses, light, perfume,
Fill for me the wide earth's room:
She is mine.

### THE LOVES OF GOETHE.

The poet and philosopher, Goethe, was fourteen when he met his first love, and seventy-four when he met his last. During the intermediate space of sixty years he was always in love. He was uplifted and inspired by his loves—each one of his grand passions has its monument in a grand poem. It is very much the fashion to abuse the great German for his inconstancy; but it is a curious fact that not one of the women whom by turns he adored, and each one of whom seems to have adored him, was ever known to blame him. If he was reproached, the reproaches did not come from the lips he had kissed. To the very last, to each of these women he was an object of tenderness, as well as of homage. He was, say his contemporaries, a most dangerous lover; not because he was false, but because he was true. He felt so intensely at the time, that it is not strange if each successive fair believed that this passion, so ardent, must be eternal. But the very ardor of the emotion exhausted it; and then the poet's recreant fancy turned easily to fresh fields and pastures new. But to have been beloved by him was something. They gave him their hearts, these women, and he gave them, in return, a few memories—glances from dark, fervent eyes, whispers of bewildering sweetness, lingering tender smiles. And if they felt that so their debt was paid, why should we complain of the insufficiency of the price?

(From the Locomotive, Opelika, Ala.)

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### THE WORST OF IT.

That is the worst of it. Passion has passed,
Sorrow has sobbed itself out:
Our hearts have grown tired of hoping, at last,
Our spirits are weary of doubt,
With a slow self-contempt, with a sorry surprise,
We look on our dream as it is:
The joy of our souls; the delight of our eyes;
A poor ghastly relic like this!
The substance is gone, but the shadow remains
To haunt and bewilder us yet,
We have cancelled our bond, we have broken our chains,
But, dear, shall we ever forget?

Will our eyes ever meet, will our hands ever touch,
Nor we two remember the thrill
That once had meant for us so much, oh so much,
That we sigh for the want of it still?
The tone of the voice and the turn of the speech
Have a separate language for us;
We two, who have learnt all that love has to teach,
Have lore that must cling to us thus.
With proud heads averted, with cold hands apart,
We pass the old haunts where we met;
But the spell they have woven lies deep in each heart,
I think we shall never forget!

And as I'm afraid, dear, that just for the sake
Of the sweet dream whose glory has ceased,
I've forgiven the wrong, I've forgiven the ache;
I fain would keep kindness at least.
We two, in whose path such strange hazards have crossed,
Might ask from our lives this amends,
By all we have won, and by all we have lost,
To turn from the ruin as friends.
And that is the worst of it, I am afraid:
Time never remits us a debt;
The Nemesis stalks where the folly is laid:
We may hate what we cannot forget!

# MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

## THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

GABRIELLE LUTTELL PURCHASES SOME TERRIBLE INFORMATION.

Very shortly after Titus Vink had sought refuge in the vacant fireplace in Dean's room, and had screened himself, as he hoped, secure from discovery, by the aid of the ornamental and useful fire-board, two buds of youthful promise—brothers, of the respective ages of eleven and nine—were occupied in craftily stealing their way on to the roof of the same house.

Their original intention had been to provide themselves with pieces of coke, some potatoes—anything that would serve the purpose—and from their height of "vantage" to have a shot at a passing decrepit old man or fat old woman, or perhaps at a turgid policeman, sauntering slowly along the street below; but this design was diverted from its course by the younger suddenly saying, with a giggling whisper—

"Old Mother Buglehorse is making ex-cheek soap. Let's shove a lot o' suit down on it. I heer'd her tell mother jes' now she was b'ilin' it with the lid off, 'cos the bones is too big for the lid to shet down."

"Oh, crikey, won't I!" responded the elder brother, with an expression of intense felicity lighting up his features. "She gi' me a clout o' the nut this mornin', 'cos I rubbed her white kitty all over with mother's blue-bag. I'll give her soup some thickenin', bless'd if I don't!"

In order effectually to carry out this purpose, they seized upon a mop, and a pail full of dirty water, containing, likewise, a scrubbing-brush, a muddy flannel, and a lump of hearthstone, belonging to a garret lodger, who was gossiping down in the back yard. These they bore in triumph to the top of the house, and sought for the chimney which carried off the smoke from Mrs. Buglehorse's fireplace. In error, they selected Dean's, then partially occupied by Titus Vink,

Down together they thrust the mop, twirling it rapidly, and as the chimney was abominably foul, an avalanche of soot at once descended upon Titus, covering him as with a mantle of dusk, and depriving him of all power to restrain a violent fit of choking, coughing, and sneezing.

It was this sudden, unexpected, and unearthly sound which startled and disturbed Joyse Stoke and Dean. Under the impulse of panic—a thing unusual with her—Joyse instinctively unlocked the door. At the same moment, a thundering rumbling ensued in the chimney; the fireboard came down with a crash, and an awful figure dashed into the centre of the room, filling it with clouds of soot, which blinded Dean and Joyse at once, stifled them, and rendered them unable to move.

Before they could recover themselves—and it may be imagined they lost no time in endeavoring to do so—it was too late for the capture of the hideous object who burst so suddenly upon them, or even to obtain, by a second glance, a notion who he could be.

All Dean could ascertain, by procuring the presence of the landlord, and a rapid investigation, was revealed by the mop, scrubbing brush, hearthstone and water, and the capture of the two delinquents on the roof of the house. Nothing whatever transpired about Titus Vink, because it never dawned upon the mind of Dean that he could gain access to his secret chamber, for the reason that he supposed him unacquainted with its existence. The sombre phantom, who had for the second they were able to observe him so scared them, by his presenting himself in a cloud, was eventually assumed to be a third boy, who had descended the chimney in a spirit of mischief, and had seized the opportunity to escape which Joyse had unintentionally afforded him.

Securing the fire-board in its place with stout nails, Dean, grimed with soot, conducted Joyse, no less dingy than himself, from the place, locking the door after him, and proceeded to a retired coffee-house, where they could complete arrangements they had entered into, and which arose out of their conference.

Dean wanted to anticipate his fortune by making money out of Mr. Rokeby, through acquiring, as he fancied, a power over him; by Joyse's help he hoped to do it, and to fling over Titus Vink. Likewise to punish him in some agonizing and merciless way, which opportunity and conjoining circumstances should combine to point out.

The object of his implacable wrath had, he could not himself tell how, after escaping from the room, found himself stowed away in a corner of a pitch dark, unused coal-cellar at the bottom of the house. He had made his way to it unimpeded and unseen, and had nestled in its remotest corner, huddled up in a ball, in the most wretched condition imaginable. He was full of soot—eyes, ears, nostrils, throat; was wet to the skin, with a thick coat of sooty plaster. He lay on humid earth, and shivered, and sneezed, and coughed, suppressing the sound with excruciating agony, for he feared, as well he might, discovery. If he were to be found in his hiding-place under any circumstances the police-station would be his immediate destination, and he knew well enough that it would be easier to be "run in" there than to run out again. So he screwed himself up, face and knees, and kept as quiet as he could, but feeling miserable to the last degree.

He was thus roughly taught that the profits of rascality are not eternal sunshine; but he did not moralize on the lesson—he only blasphemed with a bitter rancour, which disclosed how utterly bad he was to the core.

At last—how long and weary a time it seemed—the comparative silence of the street without told him that night had come: an hour, not so late as to draw the attention of every policeman to him as he sneaked onward, nor yet so early as to supply him with a swarm of wayfarers to greet him with lively enthusiasm and cheer him on his way.

Sore, stiff, more wretched than a half-drowned dog, who had been hunted through a dozen sloughs with an iron pot twisted to his tail, he rose up and groped about him, until, after bumping his forehead several times, he found his way up the basement stairs to the passage which led to the street.

The door stood wide open—that door was always open, at least from dawn to midnight, for the convenience of the public who dwelt in the house—and as stealthily as a cat crawls after a tame bird, which has been let out of its cage, and unnoticed hops upon the floor, he crept along it into the street and then away.

He got to his lodgings by instinct, and with the speed of a professional pedestrian; but he knew not how. He realized only that he had gained the centre of his sitting-room, and beholding himself in the glass, thought he saw Satan awaiting him, impatient to hear him to "sulphureous and tormenting flames."

"No, you don't," he screached, with chattering teeth. "It isn't me. I ain't Vink. I'm a sweep, come about the chimblee."

And flinging himself to the ground, he scrambled under a sofa never intended for the human form to recline upon, but by a stretch of the imagination capable of seating with difficulty two persons much attached to each other.

Here he lay for a few minutes undisturbed, until his perturbed feelings became slightly calmer, and reflection came to his aid—soot as well.

For he smelt soot, saw soot, as it smarted in his eyes—tasted soot, choked with it, sneezed it, coughed it—felt all soot.

"I'm a ass, he moaned: "it was my own portrait I saw in the chimblee glass."

Crawling out again, he rose up, and looked shudderingly about him—no great distance, for the room was anything but large; what landladies call snug, and there are many living persons know what that means. No other tenant was present, and then he ventured to look at himself in the glass.

"I am a hobject," he muttered, in a woe-begone voice; "a gashly sight. I don't know which is the front side o' me. I ain't at all sure I'm not looking at my back 'air instead of my countingence. What a babby o' Harmegeddon; I shall ha' to bile myself—bile this stinkin' suit out o' me. I'm full on it up to the nose. I shall ha' to sit in a copper o' hot suds, and get old Suke to stir me up with the copper-stick. The Lord must ha' mistook me for a Malakite when I was a Dean's kennel. He'd forgotten I was a babe o' grace, or this couldn't ha' happened."

It is unnecessary to detail the riot which ensued between Vink and his landlady, "Old Suke," when he summoned her to an audience with him. Her first frenzy of fright was followed by a belief that a burglar had patronized her, the consequent skirmish, in which, armed with the tongs, she became quite as black as her lodger, his stentorian explanations and asseverations that he had fallen into a cellar "three foot deep in sut," and her ultimately expressed conviction that "he'd been sneaking down somebody's chimney arter what he'd no bizzyness to," are things of the past.

Neither is it necessary to advert to the "biling" process, or the many waters" it required hot, with soda and soft soap, to bring him back to his normal hue—the color of an old parchment deed. Let it suffice that he bought himself an outfit with the money he had stolen from the trio of sharpers, who, though very deservedly deprived of their ill-gotten gains, were none the less absolutely robbed. A suit of second-hand clericals two sizes too large for him made him look like a colonial bishop returned from very distant isles, shrivelling all the way.

In spite of what he had suffered, he congratulated himself upon having made twenty pounds in the character of "Michael fighting the Dragon," and he did not object to the soot so much when he remembered that it was merely the price he had paid for the information Joyse Stoke had communicated to Dean, and which he unreservedly designed to sell to Mr. Rokeby piecemeal.

Having got himself up with a skill which restored him to the good graces of Old Suke, who declared "he looked hisself as a 'Pasture of a Flock,'" and in a style which was likely to defy the penetration of the simple and opulent sharpers, should he inconveniently meet the pair in the street and "dodge till they jostled," he set out for Mr. Rokeby's mansion.

On arriving there he presented the credentials which he had been provided with by Mr. Rokeby, and was admitted. He declined, although the proposition was made to him, to see Dean, and rather curtly and astutely intimated that his business was exclusively with the master, and not with the steward. On this, the servant ushered him into a reception-room, and promised to try and find Mr. Rokeby, who, after all, he was not quite certain was at home.

"I can wait if he ain't," remarked Titus, glancing at a number of small, elegant articles of *certu* lying about. "I can wait, I'm one o' Abraham's cam-mels. I lays down with my burden in meekness an' pashence when I'm wanted to do it."

"More like a old ass than a kemmel," thought the superior domestic, turning up his nose at the faded garb of what he presumed to be a "poverty-stricken begging parson," and quitting the room with a stateliness as unlike anything noble as might be imagined.

Once alone—sure that he was alone—Titus ran about the room like a rat suddenly introduced into a cage, taking up and putting down nick-nackeries of various descriptions and values, uncertain which were the most precious or least likely to be soonest missed.

"I'm a harut, I am," he muttered, as he at length decided on a number of articles of jewelled and enamelled work, which he had selected and collected together preparatory to concealing them about him. "I'm a busy harut, providin' for a winter's day. I'm a—"

"Who are you, man?" interposed a sharp almost shrill female voice, as he was about consigning the first instalment to his pocket.

He dropped it upon the table as if the trinket had been a lump of scoria just lauded into his hand from the heart of a raging volcano.

"A vessel of the Lord's," he ejaculated, with a snuffling grin, and a movement as if he were going to double up like a folding-chair. "A humbe follerer o' the lamb o'—"

"You're a thief!" responded the voice, sternly, haughtily, and strangely enough—for it was a woman's—firmly. "I will ring for assistance."

"No—I say no! No, no, no—no—you dare not!" he responded, in abject terror, and yet almost instantaneously changing his tone to a fierce, menacing growl.

In the first shock of his discovery he had only seen the dim outline of a woman's form and drapery; but the threat to summon the servants made him look more sharply at his unexpected detector, and he recognized Gabrielle Luttrell.

Then he uttered his last sentence as a savage threat.

The peculiarity of its tone, and its strange significance, because it did not seem to convey an intention of doing her a sudden violence, had an instantaneous effect, and arrested her hand, even as it was stretched out to seize the bell-pull.

She turned her face to him, and saw him, with arms pinned to his sides, and clenched fists, at her very elbow, glaring at her like a hyena about to take its spring.

"Miss Gay-bree-hell Luttrell," he sputtered between his teeth; "least ways, Miss Gay-bree-hell, I say you dare not—for I know what you are, what you are not; and I know *who* you are!"

Three successive mines, exploded one after another in her ears, could not more completely have stunned her.

Not so very long since she would not have heard, because she would not have heeded, such words, but now they battered her like pitiless bludgeons, and made her fall back from him faint and breathless.

For he struck the chord that was forever twanging in her brain, and being struck by a stranger hand, the vibration for the moment paralyzed her.

He saw the effect his words had created, detected the advantage it gave him, and instantly changed his manner into a fawning, oily, offensively obsequious humility.

"I begs pardon, Miss Gay-bree-hell," he mumbled, with a whining. "I begs your ladylike and distinguished pardon, but you've made a error concerning of me. You think me a low thief, an' a sneak—a petty-larceny prig. You thought so at Fair'um Priors. You're mistaken, 'igh an' haughty born lady—then an' now. I'm come out o' Israel; I'm a spice from Tadmor. You shall know the tree by the fruit. Look at my coat an' choker. I'm a Carter's Whip for the Laggard, a Cat-o'-Nine-Tails for the Back-slidin'. I'm a Servant of the Mighty, and a Pasture of the scabby sheep in the fold. I'm friend and guide to Mr. Rokeby—that is, his secret tooter. I'm Titus Vink, an' your gracious an' sooperior very 'umble, an', if I may say so, afeckshunate servant to dust your ladylike shoes on."

Before he was half through his tirade, and he spoke with great rapidity, Gabrielle had recovered, outwardly, her cold, freezing demeanor when accosted by such persons as he.

She heard him to the end, and penetrated the real import of his trashy verbiage as clearly as if she had been gazing at it with a magnifying glass. She neither forgot his indirect menace at the commencement, nor did she suffer to pass unseized his assertion that he was the "secret tooter" to Mr. Rokeby.

"This villain," she thought, "is a spy, an agent, in the pay of Mr. Rokeby. He knows my secret—possibly more of it by much than I do—and he is here to barter his information to his employer. The very last person in the world whom I would see in possession of the proofs. The wretch's face is rank with cupidity. What if I bribe him to keep himself away and hidden with his facts, until I have secured the prize for which I am now more than ever compelled to scheme? After success has crowned my struggles, what shall I care for disclosures? I shall be able to afford to laugh them to scorn, for I shall be firmly seated, fixed, secure. I will try the horror."

While these thoughts were speeding through her mind faster than a tempest wind flies, Vink's mind was in full gallop too.

"*There's money in her*," he thought, as he peered at her sideways from the corner of his blood-tinged under lids. "But more about her—hanging to her—floatin' in the hair where she moves—lots o' money, I'll make more out of her than I could ha' done out o' they things I was obliged to drop jes' now; an' money out o' tother side I'll squeeze too, if I knows a party o' the name o' Vink."

Nerving herself for her task, Gabrielle crossed her arms upon her girdle, and standing in an erect, statuesque attitude, said, coldly and firmly—

"I recognize you, man. I remember detecting you in the act of pilfering some small ornaments at the Priors, and you were saved from the hands of justice by the intervention of the house steward, Dean. I find you once more beneath the roof of my uncle, playing the part of thief. Do you expect the house steward again to act the part of your friend, and shelter you from the clutches of the policeman?"

"I don't want to see Dean, magnificent and superfluous lady," responded Vink, preserving his cringing mien, although it was that only of the panther before he makes his leap upon the throat of his victim. "I ain't no friend o' Dean's. He's a brand o' badsment. You can't make no impression on him. But he's full o' resin and pitch, an' he will crackle an' flare one day, if he don't repent—"

Gabrielle waved her hand impatiently.

"I do not desire to hear this jargon," she interrupted, in a tone of displeasure. "Did I hear aright, that you declared yourself a friend of Mr. Rokeby's?"

"You did, superlative and shinin' young lady—a close an' trusted friend of his sole," returned Vink, his hands playing at "leap-frog" with each other.

"The secret agent and spy of my uncle, is, I believe, your true meaning," suggested Gabrielle, with a slow, deliberate emphasis.

"Nobody's spy, save the Lord's, to seek out the unconverted 'eathen, and I don't have the honor o' knowing your uncle, grand and gaudy young lady," returned Vink, displaying a sign of acrimony.

"You said you were a trusted friend of Mr. Rokeby's," returned Gabrielle, quickly, slightly pressing her nether lip with her teeth.

She knew she was treading on thin ice.

"Certn'y, lady madam, he returned, with a very peculiar significance. "*Is* Mr. Rokeby, Esquire, an' Shire of the Knight, your uncle?"

She felt her frame contract slightly.

"Do you not know that fact?" she demanded, fixing her pale gray eyes on him as if they were lurid stars.

"If it *are* a fact I didn't know of it, super-arrogant lady," he returned, affecting to examine the cornice of the ceiling with his bleared eyes.

She tried to read that hard-lined, beetle-browed face through and through.

"Yes," she pursued, slowly, "when I caught you stealing—"

"Lookin' at," he interrupted, with a snarl; "lookin' at the gilded hobjecks o' vanity. O, be careful, immense and inflated madam, how you insiniwates again a pasture o' herbs o' grace. Beware! *I* say I was on'y looking at they baubles o' the Old Man—which I don't mean Mr. Rokeby."

She frowned, and set her teeth together. It was a sore trial even to exchange a word or two with this ungainly rascal—so certainly rascal. Yet she felt, for her own sake, it was imperative that she should dissemble.

"Well," she resumed, "I will accept your explanation. Yet I do not intend to mince matters with you. It is my purpose to be plain—perhaps it is my interest to be plain—with you."

"If interest means personal advantage as well as fi' per cent. it are," he returned, with an effort at a playful smirk, which made her blood run back cold to her heart.

"In that case," she proceeded, in the same firm and cold tones, "when I detected you—looking—"

"A napt scholler—a napt scholler!"

"At those articles lying in a heap upon the table on which they were never before placed, you stayed my hand when it was on the bell, by saying in a menacing tone that I dared not betray you, because you knew what I was, what I was not, and *who* I was. What is the meaning of those words?"

"We've got to the p'int at last," thought Vink, as he gazed upon her cold, impassive features, which resembled a beautifully-executed mask of the daughter of Chaos in youth—beautiful, yet terrible.

As his eye searched in vain for some sign to assure him in the impassive lineaments, he further mused—

"Face o' Plaster o' Paris, heart o' stone, will o' steel, I shall have a hartful game o' crib to play 'ere."

"I did not ask you to think, but to speak," she proceeded, impatiently.

"I'm trying to remember," he replied, a little hurriedly, and at the same time drawing a lachrymose visage, too hideous to be laughable; "but I'm poor an' weak. Weak in the flesh an' in the brain, an' in the pocket—awful weak in the pocket. It affecks my mem'ry. I forgets to pay my creditors when my purse is hempty, and it is hempty now. So I can't, I'm very sorry to say, enlarged and effluent lady, rek'lekt what I meant when I said I knew *who* you was."

He laid a strong emphasis on the one word.

She looked in his face as if she would ransack every cell in his brain, and presently she said, in an undertone,

"Give me some sign by which I may know whether I should deal with you, and whether I can deal with you."

He looked about the room carefully and cautiously, and then returned his eyes to her.

"A good many years ago," he whispered, "a little baby child was brought to Fairholme Priors, and placed in the charge of the ever venerable and 'ighly exaggerated Mr. Rokeby, esquire, and J. of the P."

"Proceed," pursued Gabrielle.

"That baby child 'as liv'd with him as 'is niece ever since, and is known as Miss Gay-bree-hell Luttrell," he continued.

"All the world knows that," she rejoined, coldly.

"*I* brought that child to him," added Vink, with a peculiar expression of triumph, which spoke volumes.

Gabrielle instantly understood what it intended to convey, for she at once proceeded to the doors in the room, and scrutinized the place around for any one who might by accident or design be concealed; but, satisfied that the coast on both sides was clear from intruders, she returned to Vink, and bringing forth her purse, she drew from it some gold and a note.

"I carry but little money about with me," she said, with dry, parched lips, "yet I have some, which I offer you only as an earnest of what I will give you, if I find you really possess the information of which I am in search, will communicate it to me, and afterwards be at my sole command and direction."

He eagerly held forth his hand, and took the money with a greedy grip. He examined the sovereigns, which were of a new mintage, and looked glittering and beautiful, as "coins of 'vantage."

"Don't see no 'Hanover' on these," he muttered, as he look'd at each piece separately with wolfish eyes. "An' the note is righteous, for it has its smooth and rough edge."

He put the money carefully away, and then gave his attention to Gabrielle, who had observed his proceedings with loathing, but at the same time with marvellous self-possession.

"Are you satisfied for the present, and will you answer?" she demanded.

"Perfe'tly satisfied, elangantine an' 'ighty young lady," he returned, with a drawl; "but I'm on'y a poor shepherd o' lambs, an' shepherds is orvays—"

"Tell me," she interrupted, sternly, but with remarkable firmness, "you, to whom I was entrusted by some person to place in the hands of Mr. Rokeby, tell me, and truly, for to deceive me is to do me greater injury than to prove me a beggar's brat—am I a Luttrell?"

Titus Vink snorted twice, thrice. It was as if she had struck him with a club. The glance of her eye, the piercing tones of her voice, although uttered in an undertone, and the expression on her mouth, staggered him.

The head of Medusa suddenly flashed in his eyes could scarcely have thrilled and startled him more than Gabrielle's face when she put that direct question to him.

Before he could steady his thoughts, control his tongue, or resort to evasion, the plump interrogatory, like the sudden report of a pistol, elicited from him an exclamation.

"No you ain't," he gasped.

Almost immediately he wished to recall this assertion, to shift it, to qualify it, to temporize; but she would hear nothing, and peremptorily bade him cease his attempts.

"Fool," she exclaimed, with a nerve and collectedness that astounded him; "I want to know the *worst*—the very, very worst. I want a starting point, not a spot to set out from, only to be dragged back, and thrust into a deeper pit than before. Again, who am I? If you know, speak out! No reserve—reservations are poisoned daggers, with which you will prick me to death. Who am I?"

Titus Vink recoiled a pace or two, and raised up his rough and warty hands to his pimpled forehead. A sleet of thoughts was sweeping through his mind, and conflicting interests darted up like spectres before his eyes. He saw a mint of money in it all; but the party for whom it would be prudent to reserve his strength, to whom he should be faithful, as being the most affluent, and so fling all the others, would not present himself in his vision, and Gabrielle had to repeat her question, and to clutch his arm with a violent tug before he could collect himself, to say, hesitatingly—

"I can't exactly answer that question."

"Do you know?" was the instant rejoinder.

He coughed as if one of the sovereigns she had given him had stuck in his throat, and by the time he pretended he could speak, he answered, slowly—

"It is a little story. Lovely young gal of a nameless, or a village, spiled by her beauty, turns up nose at young chaps at village; young soldier comes along—officer an' gentleman, o' course—runs away with her, false marriage, deserts her an' little baby girl, goes back to her far-ther—her old man gives baby to me, an' pays me to say it's daughter o' Mrs. Luttrell, which it wasn't. There, that's the story."

It may have been that there was a deathlier tint on the face of Gabrielle as she listened to this parable—it may have been that within her breast a withering fire was searing the vital seat of her life—it might have been that the words "false marriage" were clanging through her brain like a floating bell over a sunken rock in an impenetrable tempestuous night. Yet, withal, she remained as calm and rigid as if she had been listening to the recitation of a poem which had not affected her.

"Give me the name of that old man," she demanded, in a way which it was hopeless for Titus Vink to refuse, and he felt it would be so.

"Martin Stoke," he answered, slowly; "he's a old servant at Mark Jarrett's Grange. You know Mark Jarrett's Grange, superficial and majestic young lady."

"His name—that soldier's name—the name—of—that—officer—and gentleman? Give it me, I *will* have it!"

She stamped her foot, and clutched his wrist on a sore place, so that he groaned with pain, and he answered, scarce knowing what he said—

"Ensign Waldron—that is at fust; but now Colonel Waldron."

She went down to the ground with a crash, as if he had smitten her down with an iron crowbar.

Fortunately one of the articles he had taken a fancy to was a magnificently-carved and adorned bottle containing powerful smelling salts. He knew where to place his hand upon it, and instantly applied it to the nostrils of the senseless girl, and in a minute or two she revived.

She stared wildly round her for a second, and then sprang to her feet. She pressed her hands on her temples.

"I remember all now!" she muttered, hoarsely. "Give me a place where I can write to you, and I will see you again immediately, when you shall furnish me with absolute proofs of your horrible assertion. One thing I entreat—I implore you; preserve this horrible secret. I will go on my knees to you—I will give you wealth scarce conceivable—to keep it shut, locked, rammed down into the lowest depth of your knowledge, until I release your tongue. Betray me, and I will poison you."

She snatched the card from him which he offered to her, and fled from the room.

He stood for an instant dazed. Then he ran to the doorway through which she had passed out, and looked with intense sharpness in all directions, but could see no trace of her or any one else.

With rat-like speed he darted back to the table, on which lay in a heap the thievish gatherings he had been disturbed by Gabrielle in disposing about his person. He grabbed them with a cat-like clutch, and stuffed them into his inner pockets, and then scrambled to a chair, on the edge of which he seated himself, for he heard a rapid footstep advancing.

In a low, droning tone, he growled—

"'Ere I build my Heben-hezer,
'Ere it shall—"

The door was flung open, and an individual, whose manner was an attempt to assume the mien of a noble duke, although he was in the livery of a servant, exclaimed in a loud voice—

"Mr. Rokeby will see you! Follow me! This way!"

### CHAPTER XXII.

NOT DAISY!—MR. ROKEBY AND MISS LOIS GRAY ARE PUZZLED.

Mr. Rokeby did receive Mr. Titus Vink, and in such a fashion as to induce the latter embodiment of low cunning to alter his opinion of him. He quitted the mansion with the reflection, that, although Mr. Rokeby had parted with two hundred pounds in a spirit of confiding simplicity, he was by a very long way not the fool he had given him credit for being.

Titus found himself a moment after he had been alone with Mr. Rokeby in the hands of a skilful cross-examiner, who questioned him so sharply, so quickly, so directly, and so indirectly, now levelling a bolt at him, in the shape of a peremptory interrogatory, and presently coming back to the same question craftily put in another form, that what with admissions, lies, bits of truth, denials, confessions, statements, and asseverations he emerged from Mr. Rokeby's study with flushed cheeks, smoking like mildewed straw, and a very strong impression that he was unable to determine what he had revealed and what he had not.

He knew he had told Mr. Rokeby he had discovered that Mrs. Gray Luttrell had had twins, and that she and they were both living—he did not know where, but that Mark Jarrett could dissipate the mystery. He recollected, too, that he had disclosed his knowledge that Gabrielle was the daughter of a village girl; but he had seen her white, distracted face while telling this, and he had kept from Mr. Rokeby the further portion of the secret—her affinity to Colonel Waldron.

It was well for Gabrielle that he did so, for another hour would not have elapsed without that assertion being submitted to investigation in the presence of the two persons most deeply interested in it.

He further went away with instructions, which directed him to search for Mrs. Gray Luttrell—he did not read more—and to play shadow to Mark Jarrett, to Martin Stoke, and to Joyse Stoke—whoever was connected with that man, and who could furnish evidence to establish the identity of the children, or, if so—sole living representative of Gray Luttrell.

Yes, he went out into the street, heated to steaming point, for Mr. Rokeby had threatened him mysteriously—hinted mysteriously about prisons, and Portland dungeons, and Dartmoor penalties and penal servitudes; so that his sandy hair stood out like points on a wool-card, and his mercury went below freezing-point, for he knew that he had earned his twenty years on three or four occasions; but he did not know to which of those fallings away from strict integrity Mr. Rokeby referred every now and then so darkly.

Nevertheless, he went away on his mission, narrowly running up against Dean, who, having heard he was in the house, was lying in wait for him, and walking into the arms, as soon as he got into the streets, of the simple guide and his opulent companion, whom he had beguiled so playfully and so dexterously out of twenty pounds and a gold watch.

They knew him at a glance, and he recognized them as quickly. There was at once a highly-turbulent greeting—three persons swinging round among the wayfarers in a distracting, dizzying kind of way, much elevation of voice, and greater employment of shocking language than it might be imagined could be crowded into so short a space of time.

Then two detectives appeared like magic on the scene—perhaps out of the earth—certainly not from the skies—and O miscarriage of justice!—seized upon Simplicity and Opulence, and made them prisoners, declaring they "wanted them," which was what Titus Vink did not.

The detectives listened to their charge against Titus Vink with derision. They laughed scornfully, and insisted that it was they who had done Titus Vink out of twenty pounds and a gold watch, and he, with virtuous indignation, swore that they had. He furnished the detectives with a false name and address, as a victim of their duplicity, promised to attend at the police-court to prefer his charge against them, and while Simplicity and Opulence were borne in triumph to prison, he went his way, with a pious look, and a psalm on his lips, in search of Mark Jarrett's town residence.

"If it hadn't been for my coat an' choker," he thought, while still quivering and twittering, "there'd a' been three instead o' two in that party bound for the 'ulks. It's the cloak that does it—the cloak that hivers a multiplus of burning sins an' shames. Ouroar!"

In the meanwhile, Mr. Rokeby, in accordance with his new plan, prosecuted his inquiries in another direction. He had very recently heard of the introduction into high circles of an exceedingly beautiful young girl, who was turning the brains of half the young men of the aristocracy. What made her yet more attractive was that there was a mystery about her. She had been "brought out" under the auspices of the most fashionable young lady of the day—the Hon. Miss Lois Gray, the daughter of an earl—and her *imprimatur* had been quite sufficient to stamp the position of Miss Myth, as she styled herself—Miss Smijth, as the *élite* termed her.

Mr. Rokeby knew that Miss Gray was closely allied to the Luttrells. He had heard accidentally that she was fond of styling her *protégée* "My Diamond Daisy," and he drew his own conclusions in such a fashion that he had already made two or three attempts to encounter her.

As yet he had only met Miss Gray, and all his efforts, by way of assertion, suggestion, interrogatory, or banter, had failed to elicit from the lively young lady a word which afforded him a clue to justify his suspicion.

Mingle, visit, or penetrate where he might or could, and where he had heard Miss Gray's Daisy had been seen, he had not been fortunate enough to encounter her. He heard the lavish praises, the expressions of wondering admiration, and the bewildered speculations circulating on all sides; but he could not succeed in meeting with the mysterious young beauty, until, as we have seen, he beheld it flash past him, dragged onward by a dowager lady of his acquaintance; and then he struggled after it in hot and difficult pursuit—for it is no easy matter to effect a rapid passage through a closely-packed throng of high-bred people.

Nevertheless, nerved to accomplish his object, he pressed onward, wriggled and wormed his way, profuse in apology, and not listening to the replies. He ultimately worked himself into a card-room, where he discovered the object of his search, in the custody of some gentlemanly, tall, erect man, with gray hair, who had his back towards him, and whom he suspected, with grating teeth, to be one whom he had no wish to meet at this moment.

"If, however, I can get possession of her even for three or four minutes, I will carry her off at all hazards," he mused. "I am more entitled to have her in my charge than he can be under any circumstances, and I will take her away to-night, if fortune favor me."

He saw that they were likely to remain where they were standing for a short time, and he hurried to the ball, where one of his men was waiting for him by his directions, and gave him some very positive instructions. He then returned to the card-room, as the party in whom he was so deeply interested was moving from it.

He glided on one side, suffered them to pass, for he caught a glimpse of a face which made him gnash his teeth with rage, and when he believed that he could do so unnoticed, he went on again in pursuit.

Suddenly he felt himself impelled rapidly onward, found himself in a small gathering, was jostled and elbowed, and finally hustled in a very aristocratic way out of the direction in which he had been proceeding.

He heard exclamations, such as "Jove!" The Deuce!" "Positively!" "Weally!" "Never!" "Pardon!" "I'm shaw!" and with similar remarks, the words, "It is the Daisy!" "The Diamond Daisy!" "Miss Lois Gray's Daisy!"

Of course he knew that. He was in pursuit of her; but to be turned off his trail in this way was too bad. And knitting his brows, he resolved to push his way with less ceremony than ever, for he felt that he had a better claim than any there to an introduction to the mysterious Daisy.

Yet it was at this moment—as it appeared to be most inconvenient moment—that he he felt his coat-sleeve twitched, and a voice exclaimed, in a cackling, giggling croak—

"Why, why, why—Rokeby! Alvanley Rokeby—certainly Al Rokeby—looking young enough to be his own son. You have not forgotten me? Do not pass me!"

He turned round half angrily, and beheld the gibbering face of the old dowager of his acquaintance, in whose charge he had seen the lovely young creature of whom he was in search.

To his greater amazement and delight, he observed that she still had charge of that fair young girl, though her face was half shrouded by a portion of her opera cloak, which she held up to it, and she shrank timidly behind her elderly guardian.

"Lady Mary Waggleton!" he exclaimed, with an excitement her presence under other circumstances would never have occasioned, "I cannot express my joy at meeting with you. I must interchange a few memories with you."

"Not now, Rokeby—he! he! he! Not now, Al—he! he! I'll give you a morning," answered the old lady, almost choked with felicity at the warmth of his recognition.

"Half a dozen words," he urged.

"Not now—not now," she replied hastily, but decisively. "I have charge of this poor child. I am seeing her to her carriage. She is as frightened as a young bird just caught and caged."

"I insist," persisted Mr. Rokeby, hardly able to speak for agitation. "Here is a small anteroom, half deserted, quite at hand. I will, after a minute's conference—I will see you to your carriage. Nay, Lady Mary—refuse me—your old favorite, Al?"

"You were always a huge deceit, Al," she responded, looking up into his eyes as if she were verging on eighteen, and he "was just turned twenty-one." "You Rokebys are, and always were, deceivers. There is not one of you who has not broken more hearts than you have links in your watch-chains."

"Yet a word with me," he urged, with nervous solicitude, glancing at the face, which had become less perceptible since the last speech.

"I am weak still," answered the old coquette, for she had tided over her fortieth year when Alvanley Rokeby attained his majority. "I give you five minutes—not a second more—for I never sacrifice duty to pleasure, and I know your wickedness. Aha! a Rokeby is not to be trusted."

Mr. Rokeby was too eager, too anxious to carry out his project, to attempt to defend his family honor, and he little thought how bitterly the stigma cast by the stupid old woman eat its way into the brain, and down into the heart of the timid girl trembling before him. He, however, had gained his point, and that concerned him the more directly. He led the way into the beautiful little *bijou* apartment, and the old dowager had no sooner seated herself, than he requested an introduction to her companion.

Lady Mary instantly complied, at the same time giving the pale-faced Geraldine an injunction never to place faith in a Rokeby, and at the same time gazing into Mr. Rokeby's eyes with a most preposterously tender leer.

"It is she," muttered Mr. Rokeby, pale as the girl herself with emotion. "It is the very counterpart of poor Fay's sweet countenance. I will take her away at once, in spite of an army of opposers."

For a few minutes, distracted by his thoughts, and agitated by his extraordinary but determined intention to abduct her, he knew not what flighty rubbish the dowager gabbled, or he replied; but to his intense gratification the old dowager suddenly cried, as a highly fresh-colored, robust, middle-aged gentleman sauntered past the doorway—

"Oh! oh! oh! Why, that was Viscount Castlebar, of Ballyvary. Oh, the dear old Irish thing. I must exchange a laugh with him. Back in a moment, Rokeby. Don't be jealous. Take care of the babe!"

Away she skipped, as she had once before deserted her charge that night, and Mr. Rokeby thus saw placed in his hands his supreme opportunity.

He bent his own near to the averted face

at his side, and in low, very earnest tones said—

"Miss Vane, I have reason to believe that I have the strongest possible claim to take a very deep interest in your welfare. It is the title by which I address a few questions to you, which I beg you to answer me unreservedly. Matters of the greatest and weightiest moment depend on the issue, with which I feel sure you are identified. Tell me, does not a strange mystery enshroud your birth?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly, and with downcast eyes.

"You cannot remember either of your parents?"

"No."

"You have never heard where you were born?"

"No."

"You have until now always been under the guardianship of the gentleman in whose company I saw you a short time since?"

"Yes."

"Does—has he—ever intimated that he—he—is your father?"

"No," she faltered.

"And—your—your mother, have you ever seen her?"

The poor young girl bent her head low down, and remained silent.

Putting into his voice all the tenderness, sympathy, respect he could command, he added—

"I have said I have the very deepest interest in you. All those who are nearest and dearest to me have the same, if you prove to be she whom I suspect, I hope you to be. I cannot, therefore, submit a question to you dictated by an improper inquisitiveness."

Yet still she remained silent, with her face averted.

"I wish you to trust me—I must beg you to trust me," he urged, but only to find her recoil from him.

The words of Lady Mary had taken effect.

"Let me prove to you that I know something of you," he persisted, "and perhaps then you will display more trustfulness. You have passed a great portion of your youth at Hazlebrook."

She turned sharply to him, and looked at him with surprise.

"You were known and loved by all the poor folks for miles round as the Wild Flower of Hazelbrook," he added, quickly.

"No?" she rejoined, in a tone of bewilderment.

"You dwelt at Mark Jarrett's Grange," he pursued.

She shook her head, and looked utterly mystified.

"Known far and wide as Mark Jarrett's Daisy."

"Indeed I never heard those places named," she returned, rising to her feet.

"But you are the young lady known at Hazlebrook as Mark Jarrett's Daisy?"

"Indeed, indeed I am not! I know nothing whatever of the place or the people! I pray you to believe me!" she replied, in a distressed tone, and looked eagerly in every direction for the absent dowager, who was at that moment flirting with the imperturbable and self-assured Irish peer, Viscount Castlebar.

"Gracious!" cried a feminine voice at Mr. Rokeby's elbow. "Oh, my pretty flower—my Daisy—how could you have got here alone? Why, you wilful little pet, what untethered freak is this?"

Mr. Rokeby turned sharply round, and beheld the Hon. Miss Lois Gray at his side. An exclamation of doubtful satisfaction burst from his lips. At least, she could settle the question of identity.

"I am pleased that you have arrived, Miss Gray," he said, rather stiffly. "You will be able to solve a difficulty, for this young lady is, I believe, under your charge."

"Not to-night," returned Miss Gray, with elevated eyebrows. "I am amazed to see her here; but I will take her away with me, of course."

The tears sprang into the eyes of Geraldine. She retreated from before Miss Lois Gray's offered hands, and half-affrightedly exclaimed—

"I do not know you; you are a stranger to me."

"Who? I—I, Daisy? I, Lois Gray, a stranger to *you*!" cried the young honorable lady, perfectly electrified. "Do you say this to *me*, Daisy?"

"Miss Vane has no claim to the name of Daisy. She seems, however, to need a protector at this moment, and I request her to make use of me."

Thus spake a new-comer on the scene. With a cry of recognition, Geraldine ran to the gentleman who thus unexpectedly presented himself, placing her hand in his, and he led her from the room.

Miss Gray muttered—

"Not Daisy! I am paralyzed!"

Mr. Rokeby said not a word; but to his overpowering wonder, he perceived the stranger to be Lord Belvoir.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A MODERN FRA DIAVOLO GETS INTO TROUBLE.

A most romantic circumstance has just happened in Florence, which is more like an extract from a romance of Dumas (père) than an episode in real life. A certain Cicone, formerly the captain of a band of brigands, had, on the destruction of his band, about three years ago, escaped from Naples and been lost sight of entirely. It was supposed he had perished in the mountains. About three years ago a Neapolitan lawyer of the name of Rappone established himself in Florence, and practiced his profession with much credit and success. He was a respectable-looking man, usually dressed in black, of quiet habits, and some capacity. His name and antecedents were well known. A month or two ago the police officer at Naples heard that Cicone was still alive, and made diligent search for him, and, after a few weeks, the ex-brigand was identified as the worthy lawyer Rappone. The dissimilarity of the professions was not, after all, so great. He was arrested, and it has been ascertained that Cicone had, amongst his many murders, killed Rappone some years ago, and had taken possession of his papers. With these he had, after his escape from Calabria, made his appearance at Florence, and had performed his part with so much verisimilitude that he has never even been suspected. He has now been arrested, and, it is supposed, will be condemned to death.

### A True Story.

Chapter I. She stood beside the altar, upon her head a wreath of orange buds, upon her back the richest kind of duds; her lover stood beside her with white kid gloves and clean dickey—the last was 21 years old, the first was 17—the parson's job was over, every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, the last kiss has been given, the last word has been said, and the happy pair had simmered down and on their journey sped. Chapter II. She stood beside the washtub, with her red hands in the suds; and at her slipshod feet there lay a pile of dirty duds; her husband stood beside her, the crossest man alive—the last was 29 years old, the first was 25. The heavy wash was over, the clothes hung out to dry, and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye; Tom had been spanked, and supper made upon a crust of bread; and the bride and bridegroom went grumbling to their bed.

☞ Herr Bulow, the pianist, is to perform here in the autumn. All musical critics are hereby warned against saying, "Man wants but little Herr Bulow, nor wants that little long," the joke being strictly private property.—*New York World.*

## The Letter of My Dead Wife.

My young wife died on the 9th of January, 186–, giving birth to a daughter, which followed her to the grave immediately after.

How I survived that period and that whirlwind of grief surprises me. I had won my wife against odds. I was poor and proud, and when taunted by her father with the words, "fortune hunter," I swore that I would earn an independence and then claim her. I kept my word. For five long years I labored as only a man urged on to his labor by one absorbing passion can work. For five long years I scarcely saw her, but when my long work was ended we were married, and she made my life happy indeed.

But soon! oh, how much too soon! came the great trouble, and I lost her!

* * * * * * *

I resolved upon travel; my medical man advised change of climate, of scene, of people, and of association; mechanically I assented to his suggestion, mechanically I took my seat one lovely summer's morning (the 19th of June) in a first-class carriage *en route* for Paris, and where afterwards I cared not.

I bribed the guard to lock the door that I might indulge in my own sad musings without fear of intrusion, and had wrapped myself up in a fanciful security, when, just as the train was about to start, a small valise was pitched in through the window, followed by a hat-box, and while we were actually in motion the door was unlocked, and a man, jumping lightly over the luggage which strewed the floor of the carriage, subsided into a seat exactly opposite mine.

One feels almost an aversion towards a new comer in a railway carriage. With what ill-will the passenger at a wayside station is received by the occupants of a well-lighted, well-heated compartment, when the door opens to admit the rush of a piercing wind, a dash of rain, and probably a damp body.

I was almost savage with the faithless official, and disgusted with the intruder. I felt irritated to a degree that I could scarcely account for; and rolling myself into a corner, I gazed steadfastly out into the country, as though an agent for a telegraph company employed to count the poles.

The stranger, coolly collecting his luggage and divesting himself of a courier bag which hung across his shoulder, proceeded with the *nonchalance* of a Queen's messenger, to prepare to smoke; and having selected a cigar, and biting off the end, languidly observed,

"No, objection to smoking?"

"This is not a smoking carriage," I replied.

"Really?"

"I object!"

"Really."

There was a cool impertinence in the tone that roused my anger, and I turned round and gazed at him.

He was a well-built, handsome man, apparently about five-and-thirty. His eyes were small and glittering as those of a rat. His moustache very bushy, and carefully pointed. He was dressed in a gray tweed travelling suit; his gloves were yellow, and in one hand he held a very handsome Russian leather cigar-case, with the initials C. B. engraven thereon, in the other the unlighted cigar and fusée.

The state of nervous excitement under which I labored would have led me to attempt anything; and although I felt that at at any other time I should be physically unequal to an encounter with this man, there was that within me that temporarily gave me a superhuman strength.

"I object," I again repeated, the words oozing from between my clenched teeth.

"Your objection shall not affect my resolve in the least, and I shall smoke." So saying, he lifted his right foot, laid it delicately across his left knee, and adjusting the fusée, rubbed it deliberately against the dry leather of the sole. The combustible portion of the match fell off. "Confound it, the only one I had; I must wait till we get to Canterbury."

I was so eager for a contest with this man that this was a source of intense disappointment. If I had a light about me indeed I should have presented it to him for the purpose of bringing the question to an issue.

"I imagine if you tried you would find one, sir," I sneered.

"Can you give me a light?" he asked.

"I cannot."

"Wait till we get to Canterbury, and I'll smoke you dry as an Egyptian mummy."

"I shall."

This closed our conversation. I leaned back into the corner of the carriage, an unaccountable hatred against this man envenoming every thought. I did not stay to reason with myself. I did not ask, Is this trifle of lighting a cigar worth so much of bad and bitter emotion? I did not admit a ray of hope that, ere we reached Canterbury, that the vengeful feeling should pass away. No; I longed with the craving of a gambler for the moment when the game was to be renewed; and no pilgrim ever desired to gaze upon the green stone at Mecca with a greater fever than I did to behold the spires of the grand old cathedral.

The shadow was upon me. The black cloud was looming overhead.

Onwards dashed and shrieked the train. Through the meadows laden with the perfume of the summer dew. Past rivulets sparkling in the golden sunlight. By villages, towards which by-and-by the mowers would wend their joyous way when the sun would be red in the West. Everything looked bright and beautiful, yet I could not share the brightness or the beauty, for grief and rage were warring in my breast, and my heart, which an hour before had been steeped in tears, was now bathing in the glow of anger. Onwards dashed the train. For a moment I was myself again; we were approaching the village of D——, where I first met her who was lost to me forever. There stood the old church with its ivied tower, the rooks whirling round and about it as of yore, unmindful of the time when I used, with bated breath and throbbing heart, to watch her as she wended her way to offer up her pure prayers within its sacred walls. On the right lay —— Hall, where I first bathed in the inexhaustive glories of love's young dream. There the copse where I dared breathe my burning hopes. I could gaze no longer: and, burying my face in my hands, I gave myself up to one of those reveries during which the hour, the place, the circumstances of my surroundings, were utterly forgotten, and I wandered by her side as in the olden time, and all was light, and joy, and love. How long this day dream may have lasted, and why I awoke from it until the train stopped, I cannot tell, but when I looked up, my companion was engaged in reading a letter—an ordinary looking letter, written upon pink note paper. Suddenly my attention became rivetted—closer—closer—every nerve in my body began to tingle, my heart gave one mighty bound, *for the handwriting was that of my dead wife.*

An icy sickness crept over me. The small portion I could read showed me words that should be explained, words of to me—unfathomable mystery. I felt as if I should swoon, my brain began to throb, and for a moment I was almost insensible. Then in a voice that startled me from its very hollowness, I said,

"When did you receive that letter?"

He looked up, smiled, and resumed his reading of it.

"When did you receive that letter?"

"Excuse me if I refuse to comply with your request."

"You must tell me."

"You're a cool hand, 'pon my soul!" he exclaimed.

"I beg of you to answer my question."

"I don't understand it."

"My question is"—and I was as cool as ice, though my brain was on fire—"when did you receive the letter you are now engaged in reading?"

"What if I refuse to answer your question, which I consider grossly impertinent?" he replied, angrily.

"You must tell me. You must give it to me. *You* have no right to it!" I shouted.

"You are either mad or drunk, but whichever it is, you shall neither know when I received this letter, nor shall you become possessor of it as long as I can control my tongue or make use of my arms."

He was preparing to replace it in his pocket.

Mine it should be.

Without a moment's hesitation I made a snatch at it.

He was too quick for me; but, in throwing back his hand to avoid my grasp, his fingers relaxed their hold, and the letter flew out of the open window.

We were travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

The letter must be mine. It must be regained.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

The one absorbing idea rushed through my mind. I did not hesitate the tenth part of a second.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

I threw open the door, and stood upon the step.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

My companion seized my arm.

Houses, trees, hedges, and telegraph-posts flashed past.

I sprang forward.

"God save me!" I said.

A horrible crash! A million of lights!

* * * * * * *

When I recovered consciousness I found myself in a reclining position, and surrounded by a number of strange faces. I could not realize the situation for some moments; and when at length my reason began to assert itself, the whole truth flashed upon me. I endeavored to rise, but found so much pain in moving that I desisted.

"Do not stir, sir," said an elderly man, who was engaged in bathing my temples. "We've sent for a doctor, and we expect him every moment."

As he was speaking the medical man arrived.

He made a careful examination, and pronounced that, as far as his judgment went, the bones were unbroken, that a contused cut on the temple might prove troublesome, and that immediate and careful removal and rest would be essential.

I listened to all this, and more, as the doctor gave his directions to the man who was engaged in bathing my head, and whom I subsequently learned was foreman of a gang of plate-layers engaged in repairing the line at the place where I had alighted. He described me as bounding along the line like a huge ball, and that my escape was nothing short of a miracle.

"Here, sir, is his watch, and keys, and pocket-book," added the foreman, handing the articles mentioned to the doctor.

I sat up and fervently returned thanks to Him whose name was the last on my lips ere springing from the carriage.

"Five pounds to any man who will bring me a letter written on pink paper. It dropped from the carriage right-hand window from London, about half a minute before I fell out."

The workmen looked at each other, then at me, and lastly at the doctor, evidently under the impression that I was raving.

"Five pounds, men! What are you staring at? Now then, men, stir yourselves! Don't you want to earn a five-pound note handy?" cried the foreman.

In an instant off they started, tearing along the line in the direction indicated.

"Do not excite yourself, sir, it is sure to be found," said the doctor, his finger on my wrist. "Had you fine weather in town?"

This was to distract my attention; but the good man little knew that my whole of life was concentrated on the discovery of that tiny piece of pink paper.

"Do not stir, sir; pray do not. I insist on it," cried the doctor, endeavoring to restrain me from rising.

I shook him off, and stood upon my feet, very sick, very giddy, but still able to stand.

It appeared an age. I felt agonized with apprehension lest it should not be found.

"How long have I been unconscious?" I asked of the foreman, who stood respectfully by.

"About twenty minutes, sir."

"Did any trains pass up the line, either way, since?"

"No, sir."

"Then the letter must be safe. I feared that the wheels of the up-train might have caught and annihilated it."

At this moment there was a shout, and one of the men came running towards us waving something in his hands.

"He has it, sir," said the foreman.

The man approached nearer—nearer; my head began to swim, nearer—nearer; that for which I had ventured my life, aye, and would again, was mine. I held out my hands mechanically; with a last effort I clutched the letter which the breathless navvy tendered to me, thrust it into my bosom, and fainted away.

* * * * * * *

"At what hour does the train start for Canterbury?"

"Four o'clock, sir."

"What delay shall I have in Canterbury, so as to be able, if necessary, to catch the tidal train?"

"Thirty-two minutes, sir."

"Can I telegraph?"

"No, sir. Lord bless you, sir, it's enough for us to see the wires. A telegram here would set us crazy."

These questions were addressed by me to the station-master at the B—— Station, to which I had been carried by the navvies on an improvised litter during my second period of unconsciousness.

My head had been dressed, brandy and water administered; and, although against the strongest remonstrances of Doctor Flethurst, the kind and accomplished physician who attended me, I resolved to push on—to track and follow, if necessary, to the uttermost limits of the earth, my companion of the morning, and compel him, with a sword at his throat or a revolver at his breast, to explain the purport of the letter of my dead wife.

It was undated.

These are the words:

"THURSDAY.

"*Dearest*,—Why have you not written? I cannot understand it. You have no idea how perplexed I have been by your silence. I am compelled, as you are aware, to be very careful, lest our letters should be discovered; but I have taken every precaution. Come at once. I think our lucky star is in the ascendant.

FANNIE."

This was the letter.

The paper was fresh and glossy, but it wore the unmistakable signs of much folding and unfolding. The manufacturer's name was stamped on one corner. In vain I turned it over and over in the hope of a faint clue as to date; not a scratch—not a blot. Would it have been Fannie's letter were it blotted? No!

How came my wife to write to other than her husband in such endearing terms? Could she have deceived—

I caught myself by the throat to choke back the vile thought word.

Could it possiby be some old letter written to myself in those days when we were surrounded by enemies to our true loves, which had by some remote chance fallen into this person's hands? No!

I could repeat, line for line, word for word, her letters to me, from her first, a simple, fluttering invitation to a dinner-party at her father's, to the last fond "Take care of yourself, Freddy, darling, for the sake of your wife and baby," written during Christmas week, when I was compelled to proceed to York to look after my uncle's legacy.

Could I be mistaken in the writing? No! The letters clear, well defined, large as her bountiful heart.

The signature the same. The same odd habit of leaving a margin on the left hand of the page, as is the practice of government officials.

The more I thought over it, the greater my perplexity, the sterner my resolve, cost what it might, to unravel thread by thread the mystery which surrounded the letter of my dead wife, like unto a shroud.

And here I repeat, for I write the occurrence according to the order of the event, that never, oh, not for the one thousandth part of a second, did I cast the shadow of a doubt as to the motives of my dead wife in writing this letter.

To doubt here, would have been to rend the white robe of the Angel of Purity. With burning eagerness I scrambled out of a train at Canterbury, for I was in an agony of pain, and nothing but the intense pressure of my mind could have enabled me to move.

Of the porter, who assisted me to alight, I asked—

"Did you attend the mail from London this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see a tall gentleman in a gray suit, pointed moustache and yellow gloves?"

"I'm sure I cannot say, sir;" then turning to a brother official, he shouted—

"I say, Awkins, did you see a mail gentleman, yellow gloves, 1.40 up?"

"The mail always wears yeller gloves," responded the other. "Yes I seen a tall gentleman a talking to the station-master."

"Where is the station-master, I must see him directly?"

"This way, sir. Beg pardon, you're werry lame; lean on me, sir," said the first porter, good-naturedly, as I limped in the direction of the station-master's office.

The station-master was absent, but a person acting for him was seated engaged in writing.

"Did a tall gentleman, wearing a gray suit, yellow gloves, pointed moustache alight here?" I asked.

"Yes," without looking up.

"Did he go on by the train?"

"Yes."

"Did he mention anything about a gentleman falling from the carriage?"

"He did;" then looking up—"I beg your pardon, sir, are you the accident?"

"I am."

"Pray be seated."

I sat down.

"Yes, sir, he alighted, and gave those, pointing to my rug, umbrella, and travelling case, which I had in the carriage with me at the time of the occurrence.

"Did he give you no particulars?"

"He did." Here he referred to some written memoranda, and read rapidly. "He said your manner was very strange, that you objected to his smoking, and were very insolent. He said he was reading a letter—that you asked him for it—that you made a grab at it—that it fell out of the window—that you jumped out after it—that he tried to prevent you, and that he considers you are insane. Good God, sir, it was a frightful thing to jump from a mail train. How you are alive to tell the tale is miraculous, and—" here the official broke forth—"and remember, sir, that for any injury you may have received, the Company is not in any way liable."

"What is the gentleman's name?"

"I do not know, sir."

I lost all patience.

"And how in the name of heaven could you allow him to go without ascertaining his name? You shall be held accountable for this gross stupidity and neglect of duty. By heavens you shall!"

So brutally rude was I, that I have since stopped at Canterbury to apologize.

"Be that as it may, he dashed out of this office to jump into the train."

"Then he went on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you tell me where he was going to?"

"I cannot. Perhaps the examiner of tickets might."

"Can I see him?"

"You can."

The functionary in question having been summoned and interrogated—

"He did remember the party, who gained his carriage as he was a looking the door. He examined his ticket while the train was a moving. It was a 'through' to Paris.'"

This was a clue at all events. I should be only a few hours behind him, and, unless he was on some mission of life and death, the chances were in favor of his stopping in Paris.

To detail my sensations whilst waiting for the train, and during the subsequent journey were to enter into a psychological analysis for which the reader would scarcely thank me; suffice it to say, I reached Paris in a state of fever, with a gloomy fear beating at my heart, that I should be forced to yield to its tightening grasp ere the newly created object of my life could be attained.

What cared I for the sunlight of glorious summer morning?

What cared I for the beauty of the Boulevards?

The letter of my dead wife was lying against my bounding heart. The shade of my dead wife was calling upon me to have the clouds enveloping it dispelled. My whole being was concentrated in this one fixed idea, and I was as dead to outward influences, as the stalest mummy in the pyramids of the Ptolemys.

On arrival at Paris, I made inquiries of the most respectable looking official on the platform relative to the passenger I was in search of. The official in question called a sort of council of war of *sous officiers*, which resulted in my being informed that the party in question had alighted from the English mail train of the previous evening, and had drive in coach Number 234 to the Hotel du Louvre, Rue Rivoli.

If I desired further information I should apply to the Prefect of Police.

In a whirlwind of triumphant feeling I entered a coach directing the driver to proceed to the hotel in question—I entered.

There was no one to attend to me; I crawled up the steps leading to the *Salon*.

I stopped a waiter who was hurrying past me.

"Did a tall gentleman in a gray suit, pointed moustache, and yellow gloves arrive here last night?"

"*Vous Monsieur.*"

"His name. His name?"

"Beneson, Monsieur."

"Show me to his room, quick! quick!" I almost screamed.

"Monsieur cannot to see him. He am gone out *d'une grand vitesse*. He forget dis.' The waiter produced from his pocket a Russian leather cigar case, and on the cigar case, in burnished letters, the initials, C. B. shone like light.

*It was his.* I was on the right track.

"Show me to his room. Quick! quick!"

"Monsieur cannot to see him. He am gone out."

"Where has he gone? Tell me. Here is a sovereign. Where has he gone to?"

"He leave direction mit Gustave, me tink. I vill to see," and the waiter left me in search of Gustave.

In a moment he returned, carrying a slip of paper, on which was written—

"If Monsieur de Crut calls upon Mr. Charles Benson before ten o'clock, say that Mr. Benson has gone to 13 Rue ——, where he will remain until Monsieur de C. returns."

Snatching the paper from the hands of the astonished waiter and forgetful of my aching frame, I hurried down the staircase—into the court-yard—re-entered the coach, which was still in waiting, and shouted to the driver—

"Numero treize, Rue' ——. Vite! Vite!"

The agony I endured of mind and body during the journey from the Hotel du Louvre to the Rue —— will never be effaced from my memory. While I write this the recollection of my sufferings is causing every nerve to quiver, every joint to ache. I could not conceive that physical agony could reach so high a pitch without killing that upon which it fed.

"Arrived at the Rue ——, the coachman experienced little difficulty in discovering No. 13. I alighted, and having inquired at the porter's lodge for the object of my search, was informed that I should ring at the first door on my right, as the gentleman I had described was visiting the family who resided *au premier*.

I rang the bell as directed.

"Monsieur Benson."

"Oui, monsieur."

"Peut on voir?"

"Oui, monsieur."

I brushed past her, tried the handle of a door opposite me. It yielded, the door opened, and I saw—

My travelling companion, in the same gray suit, standing at a window. Beside him a young girl, his right arm encircling her waist.

I had entered softly, and neither of them were aware of my presence.

Tiger-like I lay waiting for a spring.

Tiger-like I glared at my prey ere I burst upon it.

He was talking about me.

"He must have been smashed into a mummy."

The girl shuddered.

Little did he imagine that I stood within three paces of him.

"Why did you not seize him, Charles?"

They were conversing in English.

"I tried to do so, but he seemed possessed of the strength of three ordinary men. He knocked me into the corner of the carriage like a racket-ball!"

"Poor creature! You should have given him the letter," said the girl, compassionately.

"Not if he was going to jump again. Poor devil! it's not giving him much trouble now."

"More, perhaps, than you think," said I. He turned rapidly round. So did the girl. He blanched. She screamed.

"Good God!" and he threw his arm round, as if to protect her.

I glanced at myself in the opposite mirror.

I was a ghastly sight.

My hair clotted with blood; blood upon my livid face, and where the dark red stain did not show broad streaks of caked grime and dust; my eyes sunk and fiery, as those of a ferret; my apparel in disorder; my right hand in my breast-pocket grasping the letter of my dead wife.

I glared at my own image.

"Good God!" said he; "what is the meaning of this?"

"I want to have an explanation with you, sir," I replied.

I saw he was preparing for a spring.

"You said I was possessed of the strength of three ordinary men. Don't try it now. I am armed."

"For heaven's sake," sobbed the girl, throwing herself between Benson and me, "Don't harm him. He has done you no wrong. He will give you money. I will give you money. Take anything you like—everything."

"Hush!" said Benson to the girl; "there is no danger. I have only to shout, and half a dozen gendarmes will spring into this room."

This was brag.

"I have no desire to frighten this young lady, and I apologize for entering thus unexpectedly into her presence. My business is with you, sir; and as to your bravado, it's too absurd."

I had brought him to bay.

"What do you require of me? I do not know you. You can have no claim on me. You are laboring under some terrible delusion. My name is Benson. I am a barrister, living in the Middle Temple, London. If you think to frighten me by your threats you are mistaken in your man. I am willing to make every allowance, on account of the terrible accident you have met with, and——"

He was coming towards the door.

I placed my back against it.

"You don't leave this room until you tell me how you came by this."

And as I spoke I drew the letter from my breast-pocket. Thinking it was a weapon, the girl, with a dashing bravery, caught my arm, while Benson jumped aside.

He did not recognize it.

"Tell me how you came by this letter?"

"What letter?"

"This is the letter I risked my life to gain. This is the letter you refused to part with. You see I am not a man to be turned aside from a purpose. Tell me how you came by it."

He seemed intensely astonished, bewildered.

"I received it by the post the morning I left London," he replied.

"It's a lie," said I.

"I state the truth," he replied.

"When was it written?"

"The day before I received it."

"It's a lie. That letter must have been written before the 19th of last January, and it was written by the hand of my dead wife."

"You are mad," he said. "That letter was written in this house on the day before yesterday, *and was written by this lady*," turning, as he spoke, to the young girl.

"This ready call on your imagination will not serve your purpose. I know the writing too well; and by heavens I am not to be trifled with. There is that contained in it which demands an explanation, and I will tear it from your tongue."

"Oh! sir," cried the girl, "this is indeed my letter. As I hope for salvation, that letter in your hand was written by me."

Truth shone from out her eyes. I felt as if I had received a blow.

I seized her hand, drew her towards an open Davenport, and in a husky voice, cried:—

"Copy that letter."

She opened the desk, drew out a sheet of *pink paper*, and prepared to write.

I watched her as she dipped the pen into the ink. I watched her as she wrote the first word. I watched her with unerring, unfaltering exactitude. She copied the letter, copied it as if 'twere done by a machine. The same large letters, the same official-looking margin, the same word "Fannie." She looked up at me. Truth in her eyes.

I saw my error. I saw that on account of the strange similarity in the writing, I had mistaken her letter to her lover for a letter written by my dead wife.

* * * * * * *

During the fever that ensued, I found Samaritanism in the hearts of Charles Benson, and of the young girl, whose handwriting bore such a fatal resemblance to that *of my dead wife.*

## A TELEGRAPHIST'S STORY.

"And must you really go away, and remain all night in that nasty old box of yours, and leave your little Rosebud, as you call her, all alone here, to imagine all sorts of horrid things happening to her poor old boy? Couldn't you stay at home just for this one night?"

"Couldn't possibly do it, my love," said I, struggling into my great-coat, and possessing myself at the same time of my big driving-gloves, which my little wife was absently trying to fit on to her own little hands.

"Not if I wished it very much, Willie? Do you know I felt *so* strange and lonely last night when you were away, that I could hardly make up my mind to go to bed at all; and to-night I can scarcely bear the thought that you should be so long absent. You know what a timid, foolish little thing I am."

Her arm quietly stole round me, and she looked up to my face with a wistful, anxious look, while a tear stood glistening in the corners of her sweet blue eyes.

"Why, you wee goose," said I, kissing away the bright token of her earnestness, "what has put such absurd thoughts into that wise noddle of yours? Are you afraid that the fairies will waylay me, and spirit me away to their elfin land? If they do, I shall tell them that I have left a fairy at home, and not even the blandishments of the queen herself shall tempt me into their uncanny country. But seriously, Maggie, there is nothing to be alarmed about. I shall be home by seven o'clock at the latest; but since you are so eerie, I will call at father's as I pass, and send up my brother Bob to keep you company and stay in the house all night. Will that content you, little woman?"

"No; don't do that; it would look foolish, and Bob would only laugh at me when he came. He does not understand me. I think no one does understand me—except you, dear Will."

"Thank you, Mag; I think I do understand you. But here comes the gig; so good-bye, and don't fret for the short time I am away. I shall be back long before you have done dreaming." So saying, I mounted the gig, and drove rapidly along the frozen road. But my wife lingered by the porch, following me with her eyes; and so long as the house was in sight, I could, on looking back, see her white dress shimmering ghost-like in the light which streamed through the open door.

At the time of which I write, I was Telegraph Superintendent on the Wilton and Longbank line of railway. One of the clerks, who was on night-duty, had been taken suddenly ill, and being unable to find a suitable substitute, I had taken his work myself until such time as he should recover. I had only been married a few months, and was by no means reconciled to the necessity of leaving my wife and home to pass the night in that "nasty old box," as Mag called it—and she was perfectly correct in her description. But I knew that it was a necessity, and I knew likewise that no grumbling of mine could mend the matter.

A drive of about eight miles brought me to my post. There was nothing very extraordinary in the duty to which I had been called away, nor was it any new experience to me; but on that night my mind was filled with vague, indefinable fears, for which I tried in vain to account. The night was clear and windless, and away in the north-western sky the aurora borealis was flitting to and fro in a thousand strange fantastic shapes. As I watched the shifting and quivering gleams, now shooting in rapid succession from one luminous centre, and anon spreading and rolling wave after wave across the starry heavens, I began to think of the disastrous omens of war, plague, and famine, which in olden times men drew from such sights. Somewhat of the same emotion I felt in my own mind, and reason as I would, I felt it impossible to shake off the growing sense of uneasiness and gloom which had taken possession of me. On entering the telegraph station, the clerk whom I had come to relieve was ready to depart.

"You won't have much work to-night, sir," said he. "The instruments are quite unworkable; no signals have been received for the last three hours. Good-night."

When I was left alone, I found that it was as he had said. The electric currents, which are developed in the atmosphere during most meteorological changes, had rendered the wires quite useless; and although the needles swayed ceaselessly backwards and forwards, they made no sign which the wisdom of man could interpret. Seeing that my office was likely to be a sinecure, I drew my chair to the stove, and taking down a book which I saw on a shelf, I tried to interest myself in the story. The volume which I had discovered was Jane Eyre; and although, since that time, I have read, with tears and laughter, it and the other works which came from the same true and loving pen, yet on that night the spell of her who is so powerful to awaken our interest and enlist our sympathy—who has given us Black Rochester and the noble Shirley and gentle Mary Home; who chronicled with no unkindly hand the vagaries of the three eccentric curates, and won our hearts for Professor Emmanuel Carl Paul—had no power to quiet my wild wandering thoughts. While I was turning listlessly over the leaves, the stillness was startled by the sharp quick clanging of the electric bell, the usual signal to prepare to read off a message. With a shiver of alarm, I turned quickly to the instrument, but soon perceived that the bell had been rung by no earthly power, for the vibrating needles made no intelligible sign, and I knew that the sound had been produced by a current of atmospheric electricity acting upon the wires.

Smiling at the nervousness which caused me to start at so ordinary an occurrence, I turned from my desk, and again sat down by the fire. But smile as I would, and reason as I might, I felt that I was fast succumbing to vague foundationless fears. Thinking that the atmosphere of the room, which I felt close and hot, might have something to do with my peculiar condition of mind, I flung open the door, and stepped outside, in the hope that the cool air might scare away the phantoms of my brain. As I crossed the threshold, the midnight express crashed past with a speed and force which shook every timber of the building, and uttering a loud shriek, disappeared into the tunnel at the end of the steep gradient, on the summit of which my station was placed. When it had gone, there was stillness, stillness broken—if I can call it broken—only by the peculiar sighing of the air passing along the wires, which is heard even in the calmest of nights. I stood and listened to the strange, melancholy, Æolian-harp-like sound, now so faint as to be almost inaudible, and anon swelling into a wild low wailing. I looked up, and saw Orion and the Pleiades, and thought how often on nights, not long ago, when I had watched for Maggie in the wood, I had gazed up through the tall sombre pines and watched their trembling fires. From that my mind reverted to the earnestness with which my wife had asked me to remain at home that night, and the unusual pensiveness of her manner when she bade me good-bye. What could be the meaning of it all? As a general rule, I had a most profound disbelief in omens, presentiments, and all sorts of superstition: but in spite of it, I felt that I would have given a good deal, at that time, to be transported just for one minute to my home, to see whether all was well there. I might have called up my assistant, who lodged in a farm-house not far distant, and gone home: but, as I could give no good reason for going away, I resolved to stay where I was.

and get through the night as best I could. "If this goes on," said I to myself as I turned inside again, and poked up the coals with rather more noise and vigor than was absolutely necessary—"if this goes on much longer, I shall have to consult a doctor, that's plain." For I knew that the causeless apprehensions which I experienced were often only the symptom of an unsound state of bodily health. I filled my pipe and lit but the weed had lost its usual tranquilising power. As the wreaths curled slowly upwards, I saw my wife's face looking at me tearfully as when I had left her. Again the bell rang sharply; but, as before, no intelligible sign was made by the needles. I leaned my elbows on the desk, and, with my head between my hands, watched their unending motions. An hour might have passed thus, when once more I was startled by the clang of the bell. This time it was louder and more urgent, and, it seemed to me, though perhaps I may err here, with a peculiar, unearthly sound, such as I had never heard before. I am utterly unable to tell in what manner the impression was produced, but it seemed as if there mingled with the metallic ring the tone of a human voice—and it was the voice of one I knew. The needles, I now observed, began to make signs which I understood; and slowly, as if some novice were working the instrument, the letters "C-o-m-e" were signalled. No sooner had I read off the final "e," than, to my amazement and terror, I distinctly saw the handle of my instrument, although I was not touching it at the time, as if grasped by some invisible hand, move rapidly, and make the signal "Understood," which the receiver of a message transmits at the end of every word.

A cold thrill ran through me, and I felt as if every drop of blood were leaving my heart. Could I have been the subject of an optical delusion? I knew that such was not the case, for I had plainly heard the quick click of the handle as it turned; and now I could perceive that another word was being slowly spelt out. But so bewildered and terrified was I, that I failed to catch the signs. Again my handle moved, and this time made the signal "Not understood." With an overwhelming feeling of awe, I watched the dials intently while the letters were again signalled, and this time I read "H-o-m-e." Then there was a cessation of all motion for a second or two, and once more the needles resumed their incoherent vibrations. I stood petrified with fear and amazement, half believing that I was in a dream, for reason refused to accept the evidence of sense. Could that be a message for me? If so, whence came it? What hand had sent it? Could it be that same power higher than that of nature thus warned me of impending danger? Should I obey the mysterious summons?

While I thus deliberated, the bell again sounded with a clangor still more loud, imperious, and unearthly, and after a few uncertain movements, the magnets repeated the words "Come home—come home!"—the handles moving as before. I could remain at my post no longer. Come what might, I felt that I had no alternative but to obey. I ran to the house where the clerk lived, and on rousing the inmates, and gaining admission, told him that he must take my place immediately, as I had been suddenly called away. The man seemed somewhat surprised at my excited and startled manner, but what he said or did I cannot recollect. On entering the stable where my horse was stalled, I perceived a saddle hanging on the wall; and knowing that I could get over the ground more swiftly riding than driving, I threw it on his back, and in a minute or two was dashing along the road in the direction of home. I shall never forget that ride. Although I urged my horse with whip and voice until he flew rather than galloped, the pace was far too slow for my excited mind. Woods, bridges with the moonlit streams wimpling beneath them, farm-houses where the deep-voiced watch-dogs were wakened by the loud beat of hoofs, shot past me like things in a dream; and at last, breathless and panting, we clattered up the long causewayed street of the village near which I lived. All was dark and silent in the houses, and the windows seemed to stare blank and vacantly in the white moonlight. Suddenly a horse and rider appeared at the other end of the street, and a hoarse voice uttered a loud cry: "Fire!" At the same instant the church bell was rung violently, and at once, as if by common impulse, the whole village started into life. Lights appeared in the houses, and a hundred windows were dashed quickly up. I saw white figures standing at them, and heard voices cry "Where?" Checking my horse with a jerk, which threw him on his haunches, I listened for the reply: "Craigside House!"

Great Heaven! my worst fears were realized. It was my own home. I choked down the agony, which almost forced a cry, and pressing onward with redoubled speed, soon arrived at the scene of the fire. The house was a large old one, and when I reached it, smoke was issuing in thick, murky volumes from the windows of the second flat, while fierce tongues of flame were already leaping along the roof. A crowd of men were hurrying confusedly about with buckets and pails of water. In the centre of a group of women, I found our maid, Mary, stretched on the grass in a swoon. "My wife!" I exclaimed, as I rushed forward, "where is she?" "God knows, sir," said one of the men; "we have twice tried to reach the second flat, but were each time driven back by the smoke and fire." Without uttering a word, I entered the house, and ran along the lobby. The stair, fortunately, was built of stone, but the wood-work on each side was one mass of blazing and crackling flame. Before I had taken three steps, I fell back, blinded, fainting, and half-suffocated with the smoke. Two men who had followed me caught me in their arms, and tried to restrain me by force from endeavoring to ascend again. "Don't attempt it," they said, "you will only lose your own life, and can't save hers." "Let go, you cowards!" I cried as soon as I could speak; and with the strength of madness, dashed them aside. I rushed up the stairs, and this time succeeded in reaching the first landing in safety. The room which we used as our bedchamber led off a small parlor which was situated on this flat. Groping my way through the smoke, I found the door, but, to my horror, it was locked! I dashed myself against it again and again, but it resisted all my efforts. To return as I had come was now impossible, and I knew that the only hope of saving even my own life was to go forward. Despair gave me strength; and lifting my foot, I struck it violently against one of the lower panels of the door. It yielded a little. Another blow, and it was driven in. I crept through the opening, but so thick was the smoke in the parlor that I could distinguish nothing. "Maggie, Maggie!" I shrieked, "where are you" but no answer was returned. Crossing the parlor, I gained our bedroom door. To my joy, it was open, and stretched on the floor I found the apparently lifeless form of my wife. I bent over her, and on placing my hand on her heart, I found that it was still beating. I lifted her very tenderly and gently, and carried her in my arms to the window, which I broke open. Of what followed I am only dimly conscious I have a confused remembrance of men bringing a ladder, and strong arms helping us down, and the people cheering; but it is all very vague and indistinct. My next recollection is that of finding myself in my father's house all bruised and weak, but with my own wife bending over me, and tending me with loving hands. We had been burned out of house and hold. Fortunately, everything was insured; but even had it not been so, I had been content so long as she was spared to me.

On the evening of the next day, when the short winter twilight was fast closing round, and the first snow-flakes were falling, Maggie drew a little stool close to the couch on which I lay, thinking over the strange events which I have related. I had said nothing to anybody regarding the warning which I had so mysteriously received; and when questioned as to what caused me to return so opportunely, had always made some evasive answer, for I feared that the reality would never have obtained belief.

"Willie," said the soft, low voice of my wife, "if you had not come home—"

"Hush, my darling. Don't talk like that, for I can't bear even to think of it."

"But it might have been. And do you know, Willie, I had such a strange dream on that awful night?"

"A dream, Maggie? Tell me what it was."

"You remember," said she, drawing closer to me, "the evening you took Mary and me into the telegraph office, and told us all about the batteries, and magnets, and electricity, and a great many things which we couldn't understand at all, though we pretended to do so, lest you should think us stupid?"

"Perfectly."

"And you remember, too, how, when I said that I should like to send a message with my own hands, you made me take hold of the handle, and then you guided it, while I sent a message to your brother Robert, who was in the office at Lowestoft then? And the end of it was, 'Come home—come home! which I repeated over and over again, until I could do it quite well without your help."

I turned quickly round, but she was gazing intently at the fire, and did not perceive the startled look I gave her.

"Well," she continued, "the night before last, when you were away, I could not sleep for a long time after I went to bed; and when I did sleep, I dreamed—such a horrible dream! I thought that I was in your office again; and I had fled there because I was chased by some Terrible Thing. I did not know what it was, but it was close behind me, and I thought nobody could save me but you. But you were not there, and so I seized the handle, and signaled the words "Come home—come home!" as you had taught me, thinking that would be sure to bring you. Then, when you did not come, I felt its hot breath on my neck, as if it were just going to clutch me in its dreadful arms, and I screamed so loud that I awoke. The room was all dark, and filled with smoke so thick that when I jumped up, I fainted for want of air. And, oh, Willie, if you had not come just when you did, I might—"

"There, Maggie; don't let us think of what might have been, but rather let us be thankful that we are spared to each other still."

# THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

## Full Particulars by Mail.

[Naples (April 26) Correspondence of the London Daily Telegraph.]

Our volcanic neighbor has not only been unusually boisterous this time, but it has excelled itself in treachery. The overwhelming of Herculaneum, if not a myth, may have been sensational in its day, but in tragic horror it must have fallen behind some of the heart-rending scenes which we have been obliged to witness during the past week. Before the storm there was a calm—an exquisite calm—for which the Destroyer decked himself in his most transcendent beauty. For several nights before the new craters burst, the mountain was so enchanting in its robe of flame that Naples could not think of going to bed. Hour after hour, until the return of daylight, one and all of us lingered in the streets, or by the shore of the bay, drinking in the glory of a Vesuvian transfiguration. Few who witnessed it will ever forget the first of these nocturnal displays. When darkness fell on the night of the 23d the great cone seemed suddenly to festoon itself with wreaths of fire. From its summit three craters were playing simultaneously. Continuous clouds of luminous smoke ascended in the starlit sky. On their wings they bore solid masses of scorim, which, after rising to a considerable distance, either fell back into the crater or were thrown over the side of the cone into the streams of lava which were flowing down the mountain. The moon, as if jealous of a terrestrial rival, shone with such brilliancy as only Southern heavens are favored with. The three craters emulated it in the steadiness of their illumination. From hour to hour the scene maintained an unchanged grandeur, until toward sunrise, when it effaced itself almost as abruptly as it had appeared. It was past three o'clock before I could turn my back on Vesuvius, and wend my way homeward, thinking distrustfully of the probable sequel. Next night the cone did not fulfill our eager anticipations. Two of the three craters failed to take part in the salamandrine spectacle, but the third belched and flashed and smoked with a triple energy. The scorim which it ejected were peculiarly interesting and varied in shape. Some looked like stones of vast size; others were star-shaped, and others, as they ascended, exploded into millions of fiery fragments. The discharge of lava, which, on the first night had been hardly noticeable, now assumed a prominent part in the drama. It was vomited forth with such energy as to carry it above the lips of the cone and throw it some distance down the slope. There it quickly divided itself into two streams, and made its way in one direction toward the Observatory, and in another into the old Atrio del Cavallo, which, by aid of the reinforcement, resumed its menacing course toward Ottojano.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

On the third night the spectacle had further diminished in brilliance, but those who were not absorbed in spectacular enjoyment could discern indications of increased volcanic energy. The immense tongues of flame, though they had lost some of their dazzling brightness, shot higher up than before. The lava and scorim were also carried to a greater height. The former was ejected in larger volume, which ultimately showed its increase in the accelerated flow of the lava streams. The subterranean thunder, which early in the week had made itself heard but dimly, like the sound of heavy artillery at many miles distance, now grew more audible, and appeared to be approaching nearer the city. All through the ill-fated night the premonitions of a catastrophe followed hard upon each other. Yet of what did happen no one could have the slightest warning. It was an incident unprecedented in the treacherous, capricious history of Vesuvius. The sympathetic sky was full of omens. Its crystal clearness had departed, and in place of it fleecy clouds were driving across the heavens. From a thousand tinted effulgence they declined into dullness, then into a heavy threatening darkness. Moon and stars paled their lights ere they were veiled by the haze which overspread the sky. But the surface of the bay continued smooth and glassy, unruffled by even a summer breeze. As the shadows of smoke and flame cast upon it from the mountain became more sombre, it partook of their reflected gloom; otherwise it was apparently unconscious of the Titanic struggle which was rending the bowels of the earth beneath and around it.

DESTRUCTION OF LIFE.

As day was dawning, a fearful horror occurred on the side of the mountain next the city. Of late years access to Vesuvius has been greatly facilitated by the short railway which skirts the bay and connects Naples with Castelamare, a town at the opposite corner. This faces the mountain throughout its whole distance, and in its vicinity will be found most of the villages whose names always obtrude themselves during the progress of an eruption. One of these, Resina, is a favorite point for making the ascent from. It is not far from Prof. Palmieri's Observatory, and it enjoys the more exciting distinction of lying in the line of a great current of lava. Thousands of visitors have ascended the hill nightly from Resina, driving up as far as to the Observatory, and then walking to the bed of last year's lava. On Friday morning many such excursion parties were assembled directly under the cone. They had begun to disperse with the first indications of sunrise, but hundreds still lingered on the spot. Without a single movement to warn them the earth opened under foot, and the dead lava which they had been treading upon as a curiosity turned again to molten fire. Those who were not engulphed in the chasm as it burst forth attempted to flee for their lives. Happily, the fleet and sure of foot were many. They reached safety; but woe to whoever fell by the way! The earth they fell on was already at furnace-heat, and fresh waves of lava overtook them ere they could rise again. A few were miraculously delivered by noble efforts on the part of the strong nerved men in the company. Dragging them in haste toward the Observatory, their deliverers placed them on the carriages which were waiting there, and accommodation was provided for them at Resina. I have been told by a friend, who was at the very edge of the chasm when it burst open, that the effect on the imagination was as though the whole mountain had begun to move from its basis. As he fled he felt as if the mountain was following him, and not until he had recovered his senses at Resina could he convince himself that what he had seen was only a partial eruption of the crust which overlies the hidden fires of Vesuvius. An account which has been furnished to a Neapolitan journal affirms that there were two simultaneous openings and that flames, bursting out from both, enveloped in a circle of fire all who were within reach. A carriage which happened to be inside this circle, was burnt up in an instant as if it had been spirited away. Shortly before the eruption a lady was seen in it, but of her nothing whatever has been heard since. The burns inflicted were of a peculiarly painful character, even when they looked slight. The patients, on reaching the hospital, were immediately enveloped in wool. Notwithstanding the care with which they have been dressed, and the skill with which they are nursed, they cannot move without enduring agony which compels them to scream.

SCENES IN NAPLES.

The Mayor of Resina acted with energy and forethought from the moment that he heard of the accident. Having seen to the medical arrangements that were necessary, he telegraphed to the Prefect for troops to aid the police in maintaining order. Naples could spare him enough, for it was not in a mood to require military watching. Of all the contrasts I have ever witnessed in actual life, that which the Neapolitans exhibited between Thursday night and Friday morning was the most astounding. I had left them half an hour before the catastrophe occurred, when they were drawing to a close their third night's ecstacy over the grandeur of the Moloch whom to the last they will admire more than dread. The flames of the lava, which were being vomited from the single crater, had sunk till they appeared like an aureole on the summit of the cone. Every street commanding a view of the mountain was thronged with spectators. I did not pass one which was not as silent as the night itself. If nothing else in the world can, Vesuvius solemnises the signori and lazzaroni alike of Naples. It hushes them into reverence, and fills them with indefinite, unutterable terrors. When, after a few hours' repose, I hied back to the still crowded streets, in one respect they were signally changed. The lazzaroni were disputing, screaming, jabbering and gesticulating, according to their every-day custom. It was only about the new crater at the Observatory, and the number of the Curtil who had fallen into the gulf. One authority insisted that it could not be more than 200; another declared that it was at least twice that; and a third had good information which made the total close on 1000. My own inquiries among the witnesses, tested by what has been ascertained by the authorities, induced me to telegraph to you an estimate of sixty or seventy, and that is the figure most commonly believed at present. I am happy to be able to say with confidence that none of our foreign visitors are among the missing. My first business, on learning the supposed extent of the mortality, was to visit each of the fourteen English and American hotels in Naples. Out of nearly 600 strangers at present occupying them, not one failed on Friday morning. Many had been up at the Observatory during the previous night, and even upon the very site of the new crater, but an early return home delivered them from an unsuspected danger. Throughout Friday consternation reigned in Naples. The first touch of peril had prepared all minds to expect the worst. Vesuvius gave in various ways sufficient occasion for increased alarm. The booming and the rumbling of the underground artillery sounded as close as if it were beneath our feet. The flow of lava had increased, and two enormous streams were rolling toward the sea as if they would sweep away half a dozen villages in their course. Windows rattled and the strongest houses trembled to their foundations. The smoke rising from the crater was now mingled with volumes of sulphurous vapor, and blackened by the ashes it carried in its furious ascent. There was far more danger in the scorim than in the lava; for they were confined to no channel. Scattering themselves wherever the prevailing winds carried them—which was, happily, not in the direction of Naples—they became firebrands for the destruction of houses, vineyards, forests, and every form of combustible property. On Friday night Naples was a degree lower in its descent toward abject terror. The Bourse had been closed all day. No one attempted to think of anything but the awful noises under foot, and the conflagration which was spreading among the villages lying at the mercy of the volcano. Poor San Sebastiano was nearly reduced to ashes, and its twelve hundred inhabitants had to seek refuge nearer the coast, whither the lava and the ashes were fast following them. After nightfall, when the volcanic and the artificial fires got mingled together in a Plutonian landscape, it was thought in Naples that all the towns bordering on the Portici Resina, Torre del Greco and Torre del Annunciata were in flames together. The apprehension was fortunately overdrawn. What deceived us was the glare of no less than nine craters, all smoking simultaneously.

A BRIEF ALARM.

This morning we had our last and worst alarm, but it was of short duration. A change of wind brought the clouds of smoke and ashes drifting across the city. After a few hours' anxious experience, in which we had presentiments of the fate of Pompeii, the wind mercifully chopped round to its former direction, and the salamandrine fog passed on to seaward. While I have been writing a further improvement has occurred. The sky is now comparatively clear, for Vesuvius has begun to consume his own smoke—at least, he has rolled himself up in it, and his mighty head is for the moment invisible. The current of lava has also checked itself, and there is a partial subsidence of the devil's tattoo which has been going on below.

# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A concerted movement in New York city to reduce the period of daily labor to eight hours, seems to be proving successful. Last week the painters struck for eight hours of labor and no reduction of wages, and obtained their demand. The carpenters' strike has also been successful, and all the men are now at work on their own terms. It is also understood that the bricklayers will strike next week, in pursuance of a common agreement with the other trades. The eight hour legislation of Congress has proved ineffectual in controlling private firms, and the building trades of New York city have, therefore, adopted a bold and carefully prepared plan for obtaining their objects at a time when the contractors for putting up houses are least able to resist their demands. It is reported that the cabinet-makers, plumbers, granite cutters, journeymen tailors, and other trades are organizing for strikes.

Horace Greeley on the 14th inst., announced his withdrawal from the management of the New York Tribune, and will "henceforth and until further notice, exercise no control or supervision over its columns." The editorial management of the Tribune is assumed by Whitelaw Reid.

At Chicago on Tuesday, a "young and handsome" woman, said to belong to a "wealthy and respectable family," appeared at the county jail with a marriage license and a justice of the peace, and insisted on being married to "a notorious hotel thief" who is awaiting trial, and will, doubtless, be sent to the penitentiary. The lady's wish was gratified, the twain made one, and the thief returned to his cell.

General O. S. Ferry was re-elected U. S. Senator by the Legislature of Connecticut in joint convention May 15. The vote stood 138 for Ferry to 125 for Hawley. Ferry received all the Democratic and seventeen Republican votes.

The "Radical Reformers," in session at New York, have organized an "Equal Rights" party, and nominated Victoria C. Woodhull for President of the United States, with Fred. Douglass for Vice President.

Thomas Buchanan Read, the painter and poet, died in New York, on Saturday night, May 11. His funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, from the residence of his brother-in-law, J. E. Caldwell, in this city.

There is a hay panic in Dutchess county, New York. The Poughkeepsie Eagle says that unless the county is favored with rain the crop will be unusually short. Good hay is now selling in that locality at $45 per ton.

Disastrous fires have been raging in the woods of Long Island during the past two weeks, destroying much valuable timber and cord-wood. Many fires have been started by incendiaries.

BASE BALL.

HAYMAKERS VS. BALTIMORE.

A game of base ball between the Haymakers of Troy and the Baltimore Club, in that city, on Saturday, May 11, resulted in the defeat of the Haymakers by a score of 8 to 1.

ATHLETIC VS. TROY.

The Athletic defeated the Troy nine, May 13, by a score of 25 to 5.

FOREST CITY VS. NATIONAL.

The Forest City Club of Cleveland arrived in Washington, May 13, and played their first championship game on Tuesday against the National Club, winning by a score of 13 to 10.

FOREST CITY VS. OLYMPIC.

The Forest City played their second championship game in Washington, May 15, with the Oylmpics, and won by a score of 16 to 2.

TROY VS. MUTUALS.

The Troy Base Ball Club beat the Mutuals of New York, in that city, May 15, by a score of 5 to 1.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish Government has officially announced that the Carlists in large numbers are surrendering to the loyal forces, and that the insurrection is over. The recent request to the Cortes, however, for 40,000 fresh troops has created a strong impression in political circles in Europe that the revolt is of a more serious character than has been generally supposed heretofore. Fifteen thousand Government troops are now concentrated in the Department of Biscay, and opposed to them are seven thousand Carlists, who adopt a Fabian policy. Ugarte, Elio Rada, and several other Carlist leaders, who escaped into France, have been arrested and interned by the French authorities.

A royal decree is published granting full pardon to the Havana students who were convicted of violating the grave of Castanon, in the cemetery near that city, and sentenced to the chain gang.

Subscriptions to the amount of 300,000 francs have been received in Paris for the sufferers by the eruption of Vesuvius.

Marshal Bazaine, though placed under arrest, is allowed to remain at home, but guards have been placed in the grounds surrounding his residence, to prevent outside parties from communicating with him.

The Atalanta crew practice on the Thames every day that the weather is favorable. The betting on the approaching race is now 2 to 1 in favor of the London crew.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

LAICUS; or, The Experiences of a Layman in a Country Parish. By LYMAN ABBOTT. Published by Dodd & Mead, No. 762 Broadway, New York.

THE PASTOR OF THE DESERT, Jean Jarousseau. By EUGENE PELLETAN. Translated from the French. Published by Dodd & Mead, No. 762 Broadway, New York.

A BAKER'S DOZEN. Original Humorous Dialogues. By GEORGE M. BAKER, author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This little volume contains thirteen amusing dialogues, which can be used for school exhibitions, or private theatricals; on a platform, or with the accessories of scenery and costumes, as may be desired.

MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN; or, The Secret History of the Court of Louis the Fifteenth. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE PENN MONTHLY. Devoted to Literature and Social Science. May, 1872. This number contains "Science and its Methods," "Evolution and its Consequences," "The Census of Industrial Employment—Wages and Social Condition in Philadelphia in 1870," "The Philosophy of the French Revolution," "The Supreme Court and the Mormons," "The Alabama Dead Lock," "The Disreputable Medical Schools," "Death of F. D. Maurice," etc. Published at 132 South Sixth St., Philada.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE for May, 1872. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

NEW MUSIC

We have received from W. W. Whitney's, "Palace of Music," Toledo, Ohio, the following:

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

### MARK TWAIN ON HIS TRAVELS.

I got into the cars and took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. That female's face was a perfect insurance company for her—it insured her against ever getting married to anybody except a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in a cup of cold custard. She appeared as if she had been through one famine and got about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be great-grandmother to Mary that had a little lamb. She was chewing prize popcorn, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a bandbox and a cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was on a mission of charity, or going West to start a saw-mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak; so I said:

"The exigencies of the time require great circumspection in a person who is travelling."

Says she, "What?"

"Says I, "The orb of day shines resplendent in the vault above."

She hitched around uneasy like, then she raised her umbrella and said—

"I don't want any of your sass—git out." And I got out.

Then I took a seat alongside a male fellow, who looked like the ghost of Hamlet lengthened out. He was a stately cuss, and he was reading.

Said I, "Mister, did you ever see a camel leopard?" I said camel leopard because it is a pious animal, and never eats any grass without getting down on its knees. He said he hadn't seen a camel leopard. Then, said I, "Do you chew?"

He said, "No, sir."

Then I said, "How sweet is nature!"

He took this for a conundrum and said he didn't know. Then he said he was deeply interested in the history of a great man. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "we are but few."

I told him I knew one; "the man that made my cooking stove was a great man."

Then he asked, "Would I read?"

Says I, "What you got?"

He replied, "Watts' Hymns," "Reveries by Moonlight," and "How to Spend the Sabbath."

I said, "None of them for Hannah," but if he had an unabridged Business Directory of New York City, I would take a little read.

Then he said, "Young man, look at these gray hairs."

I told him I saw them, and when a man got as old as he was he ought to dye. Said I, "You needn't think these hairs are any signs of wisdom, it's only a sign that your system lacks iron; and I advise you to go home and swallow a crowbar."

He took this for irony, and what little *entente cordials* there was between us was spilled. It turned out that he was chaplain of a base ball club.

When we got to Rochester I called for a bowl of bean soup. It ought to be called lead soup. I send you the receipt for making it: "Take a lot of water, wash it well, and broil it until it is brown on both sides; then very carefully pour one bean into it and let it simmer. When the beans begin to get restless, sweeten it with salt, then put it up in air-tight cans, hitch each can to a brick, and chuck them overboard, and the soup is done."

The above receipt originated with a man in Iowa, who got up suppers on odd occasions for Odd Fellows. He has a receipt for oyster soup, leaving out the salt.

Speaking of Iowa reminds me of the way I got the money to pay for my ticket and pay for that fellow's supper. I bet a fellow a dollar that I could tell him how much water to a quart went under the railroad bridge over the Mississippi at Dubuque in a year. He bet, and I said two pints to a quart. I won the bet, but after all, that supper was an awful swindle. If the city didn't settle faster than its coffee did, its old settlers' club would be a failure, and the city too.

### GUMBS' DOG.

Gumbs, who lives next door to us, has bought a new dog. He needed a new one. His last dog used to bark all night in the yard until, in frantic desperation, we would shy boots and cologne bottles and furniture at him. But he always went on worse; and in the morning Gumbs would come calmly out and gather up those missives and carry them into the house. He has more than twenty pairs of our boots and slippers in his possession, besides chair-legs and cakes of soap and hair-brushes and match safes and towel-racks. And he never had the manliness to offer to give them back. On the contrary, he trained that dog to sit by the front gate and to seize us by the leg when we came out, three or four times a week, apparently for the purpose of securing some more boots. But we poisoned him one night, and the next morning Gumbs threw the carcass over into our yard. We threw it back. Gumbs returned it. We both stayed at home that day, and spent the time handing that dog to one another over the fence. Then we hired an Irishman to stand there night and day to return the deceased to Gumbs' yard. Then Gumbs also engaged an Irishman. It was exhilarating work. The corpse probably traversed that fence six or seven thousand times in every twenty-four hours. He must have become familiar with the route, even if he was dead. At last he wore away with so much handling, and on the last day the Irishmen whiled away the hours by flinging only the tail at each other. Our Irishman at last buried the tail and resigned. And now Gumbs has got a new dog. It will be excessively singular if we do not fish for that dog some evening soon with a codfish line and a piece of beef, and run him up all of a sudden to our window and launch him into the sewer. No dog owned by a man named Gumbs shall exult over us.—*Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.*

### THE LAST CHANCE.

About thirty years ago a minister in Hatfield, Mass., delivered some reproofs in the course of a sermon, which were construed into a personal attack by a regular churchgoing member of his congregation, and thenceforward that gentleman withheld his presence from the church and his friendship from the preacher. The latter, feeling that he had done no wrong, refrained from making advances, and thus for twenty-five years they wended their separate ways. But at last the skeleton hand of death knocked at the door of the parishioner, and he sent for the minister. The good man hastily obeyed the summons with a solemn delight, as his being thus called showed a mellowing of the heart of the dying man promising reconciliation both with heaven and himself.

"You sent for me?" he said, as he approached the bed-side.

"Yes," replied the dying man, whose breathing was now short and difficult—"I have but a few—a few hours to live, and I sent—sent for you to say that—that this is your last—your last chance to—to apologize!"

A PARTY of men animatedly engaged in discussing politics before a country store, attracted the attention of an aged agriculturist. "There's sumthin' the matter here," he observed to his wife; and, drawing in his team, he lightly shouted to a consumptive individual on the outskirts, "What's afoot?" "Twelve inches," was the sardonic reply. The aged agriculturist swore some and drove on.

### SWEET HEART.

Dip southward, Earth, and bare thy breast
To meet the warm kiss of the sun;
And in thy subtle throbbings feel
Another golden spring begun.

Wake violets that lie asleep
In soft blue dreams beneath the snow,
And send the maple's amber blood
Through all its veins in passion's flow.

And by-and-by call back the birds;
Call back the bloom to shrub and tree;
But not from height or depth, O Earth!
May you call back Sweet Heart to me.

The merest seed that fell by chance,
The merest grass blade on the plain,
Shall thrill to hear your lightest step,
But at her grave you call in vain.

Of bird and bud and warm South wind,
She—brighter, sweeter than them all—
In some existence, rich and strange,
Heeds neither Spring's nor Love's recall.

[From the Records of the French Courts.]

## THE POISONED MEAL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

### CHAPTER I.

THE POCKETS.

This case takes us across the Channel to Normandy, and introduces us to a young French girl, named Marie Francoise Victoire Salmon.

Her father was a poor Norman laborer. Her mother died while she was a child. From an early age Marie had learned to get her own living by going out to service. Three different mistresses tried her while she was a very young girl, and found every reason to be satisfied with her conduct. She entered her fourth place, in the family of one Monsieur Dumesnil, when she was twenty years of age. This was the turning point in her career, and here the strange story of her life properly begins.

Among the persons who often visited Monsieur Dumesnil and his wife was a certain Monsieur Revel, a relation of Madame Dumesnil's. He was a man of some note in his part of the country, holding a responsible legal appointment at the town of Caen, in Normandy; and he honored Marie, when he first saw her at her master's house, with his special attention and approval. She had an innocent face, and a winning manner; and Monsieur Revel became almost oppressively anxious, in a strictly paternal way, that she should better her condition by seeking service at Caen, where places were plentiful, and wages higher than in the country; and where, it is also necessary to remember, Monsieur Revel himself happened to live.

Marie's own idea, however, of the best means of improving her condition was a little at variance with the idea of her disinterested adviser. Her ambition was to gain her living independently, if she could, by being a seamstress. She left the service of Monsieur Dumesnil of her own accord, without so much as the shadow of a stain on her character, and went to the old town of Bayeux to try what she could do by taking in needlework. As a means of subsistence, needlework soon proved itself to be insufficient, and she found herself thrown back again on the old resource of going out to service. Most unfortunately, as events afterward turned out, she now called to mind Monsieur Revel's paternal advice, and resolved to seek employment as a maid-of-all-work at Caen.

She left Bayeux with the little bundle of clothes which represented all the property she had in the world, on the first of August, seventeen hundred and eighty one. It will be well to notice this date particularly, and to remember—in case some of the events of Marie's story should seem almost incredible—that it marks the period which immediately preceded the first outbreak of the French Revolution.

Among the few articles of the maid's apparel which the bundle contained, and to which it is necessary to direct attention at the outset, were *two pairs of pockets*, one of them being still *in* an unfinished condition. She had a third pair, which she wore on her journey. In the last century, a country girl's pockets were an important and prominent part of her costume. They hung on each side of her, ready to her hand. They were sometimes very prettily embroidered, and they were almost always large, and of a bright color.

On the first of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, Marie left Bayeux, and early on the same day she reached Caen. Her good manners, her excellent character, and the modesty of her demands in the matter of wages, rendered it easy for her to find a situation. On the very evening of her arrival she was suited with a place; and her first night at Caen was passed under the roof of her new employers.

The family consisted of Marie's master and mistress, Monsieur and Madame Huet Duparc (both highly respectable people,) of two sons, aged respectively twenty-one and eleven years, of their sister, aged seventeen years, and of Monsieur and Madame de Beaulieu, the father and mother of Madame Duparc, one eighty-eight years old, the other eighty-six.

Madame Duparc explained to Marie the various duties which she was expected to perform on the evening when she entered the house. She was to begin the day by fetching some milk—that being one of the ingredients used in preparing the hasty pudding which formed the favorite morning meal of the old gentleman, Monsieur de Beaulieu. The hasty pudding was always to be got ready by seven o'clock exactly. When this had been done, Marie was next required to take the infirm old lady, Madame de Beaulieu, every morning to mass. She was then to go to market, and get all the provisions that were wanted for the daily use of the family; and she was, finally, to look to the cooking of the food, and to make herself additionally useful, (with some occasional assistance from Madame Duparc and her daughter) in every remaining branch of housework. The wages she was to receive for performing all these conflicting duties amounted to precisely two pounds sterling of English money.

She entered her new place on a Wednesday. On Thursday she took her first lesson in preparing the old gentleman's morning meal. One point which her mistress then particularly impressed on her was that she was *not* to put any salt in the hasty pudding.

On the Saturday following, when she went out to buy milk, she made a little purchase of her own account. Of course the purchase was an article of dress—a piece of fine bright orange-colored stuff, for which she paid nearly the whole price on the spot, out of her small savings. The sum of two sous six deniers (about a penny English) was all that Marie took credit for. On her return to the house she showed the piece of stuff to Madame Duparc, and asked to be advised whether she should make an apron or a jacket of it.

The next day being Sunday, Marie marked the occasion by putting on all the little finery she had. Her pair of festive pockets, striped with blue and white, came out of her bundle along with other things. When she had put them on, she hung the old work-a-day pockets which she had worn on leaving Bayeux to the back of a chair in her bed-chamber. This was a little room on the ground floor, situated close to the dining-room, and perfectly easy of access to every one in the house. Long afterwards Marie remembered how pleasantly and quietly that Sunday passed. It was the last day of happiness the poor creature was to enjoy in the house of Madame Duparc.

SUCCESSFUL CALUMNY.

SMALL MITE (suddenly, and without provocation, alluding to her elder sister).—"*I know what Lizzie's thinking about, grandma! She's thinking of cake! She's always thinking of cake!!*" [Cake is produced, and Small Mite has her share.

On the Monday morning she went to fetch the milk as usual. But the milkwoman was not in the shop to serve her. After returning to the house, she proposed making a second attempt; but her mistress stopped her, saying that the milk would doubtless be sent before long. This turned out to be the case, and Marie, having cleaned the saucepan for Monsieur de Beaulieu's hasty pudding, received from the hands of Madame Duparc the earthen vessel containing the meal used in the house. She mixed this flour and put it into the saucepan in the presence of Madame Duparc and her daughter. She had just set the saucepan on the fire, when her mistress said, with a very remarkable abruptness:

"Have you put any salt in it?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," answered Marie, amazed by the question. "You told me yourself that I was never to put salt in it."

Upon this, Madame Duparc snatched up the saucepan without saying another word, turned to the dresser, stretched out her hand toward one of four salt-cellars which always stood there, and sprinkled salt into the saucepan—or (to speak with extreme correctness, the matter being important,) if not salt, something which she took for salt.

The hasty-pudding made, Marie poured it from the saucepan into a soup-plate which her mistress held. Madame Duparc herself then took it to Monsieur de Beaulieu. She and her daughter and one of her sons remained with the old man, while he was eating his breakfast. Marie, left in the kitchen, prepared to clean the saucepan; but, before she could do so, she was suddenly called in two different directions, by Madame de Beaulieu, and Madame Duparc. The old lady wished to be taken to mass; and her mistress wanted to send her on a number of errands. Marie did not stop even to pour some clean water, as usual, into the saucepan. She went at once to get her instructions from Madame Duparc, and to attend on Madame de Beaulieu. Taking the old lady to church, and then running on her mistress's errands, kept her so long away from the house that it was half-past eleven in the forenoon before she got back to the kitchen.

The first news that met her on her return was that Monsieur de Beaulieu had been suffering, ever since nine o'clock, from a violent attack of vomiting and colic. Madame Duparc ordered her to help the old man to bed immediately; and inquired, when these directions had been followed, whether Marie felt capable of looking after him herself, or whether she would prefer that a nurse should be sent for. Being a kind-hearted, willing girl, always anxious to make herself useful, Marie replied that she would gladly undertake the nursing of the old man; and, thereupon, her bed was moved at once into Monsieur de Beaulieu's room.

Meanwile, Madame Duparc fetched from a neighboring apothecary's one of the apprentices of the shop, to see her father. The lad was quite unfit to meet the emergency of the case, which was certainly serious enough to require the attention of his master, if not of a regularly qualified physician. Instead of applying any internal remedies, the apprentice stupidly tried blistering. This course of treatment proved utterly useless; but no better advice was called in. After he had suffered for hours without relief, Monsieur de Beaulieu began to sink rapidly toward the afternoon. At half-past five o'clock he had ceased to exist.

This shocking catastrophe, startling and suspicious as it was, did not appear to discompose the nerves of Madame Duparc. While her eldest son immediately left the house to inform his father (who had been absent in the country all day) of what had happened, she lost no time in sending for the nearest nurse to lay out the corpse of Monsieur de Beaulieu. On entering the chamber of death the nurse found Marie there alone, praying by the old man's bedside.

"He died suddenly, did he not?" said the nurse.

"Very suddenly," answered Marie. "He was walking about only yesterday, in perfect health."

Soon afterward the time came when it was customary to prepare supper. Marie went into the kitchen, mechanically, to get the meal ready. Madame Duparc, her daughter, and her youngest son, sat down to it as usual. Madame de Beaulieu, overwhelmed by the dreadful death of her husband, was incapable of joining them.

When supper was over, Marie assisted the old lady to bed. Then, worn out though she was with fatigue, she went back to the nurse to keep her company in watching by the dead body. Monsieur de Beaulieu had been kind to Marie, and had spoken gratefully of the little attentions she had shown him. She remembered this tenderly now that he was no more; and she could not find it in her heart to leave a hired mourner to be the only watcher by his death-bed. All that night she remained in the room, entirely ignorant of what was passing the while in every other part of the house—her own little bed-room included, as a matter of course.

About seven o'clock the next morning, after sitting up all night, she went back again wearily to the kitchen to begin her day's work. Her mistress joined her there, and saluted her instantly with a scolding.

"You are the most careless, slovenly girl I ever met with," said Madame Duparc. "Look at your dress. How can you expect to be decent on a Sunday, if you wear your best pair of pockets on week-days?"

Surely Madame Duparc's grief for the loss of her father must have been slight enough if it did not prevent her from paying the strictest attention to her servant's pockets.

Although Marie had only known the old man for a few days, she had been too deeply impressed by his illness and its fatal end to be able to think of such a trifle as the condition of her dress. And now, of all the people in the world, it was Monsieur de Beaulieu's daughter who reminded her that she had never thought of changing her pockets, only the day after the old man's dreadful death.

"Put on your pockets directly, you untidy girl!" said Madame Duparc.

The old pockets were of course hanging where Marie had left them, at the back of the chair in her own room—the room which was open to any one who choose to go into it—the room which she herself had not entered during the past night. She left the kitchen to obey her mistress; and taking the old pair of pockets off the chair, tied them on as quickly as possible. From that fatal moment the friendless maid-of-all-work was a ruined girl.

### CHAPTER II.

THE ARSENIC.

On returning to the kitchen to go on with her work, the exhaustion against which Maria had hitherto fought successfully, overpowered her the moment she sat down; her heavy head drooped, her eyes closed in spite of her, and she fell into broken, uneasy slumber. Madame Duparc and her daughter, seeing the condition she was in, undertook the preparation of the day's dinner themselves. Among the dishes which they got ready, and which they salted from the cellars on the dresser, were two different kinds of soup—one kind for themselves, made from fresh "stock"—the other for Marie and the nurse, made from old "stock." They were engaged over their cookery when Monsieur Duparc arrived from the country; and Marie was awakened to take the horse he had ridden to the stables, to unsaddle the animal, and to give him his feed of corn.

While she was thus engaged, Madame Duparc and her daughter remained alone in the kitchen. When she left the stable it was time for her to lay the cloth. She was told to put plates for seven persons. Only six however, sat down to dinner. Those six were Madame de Beaulieu, Monsieur and Madame Duparc, the youngest of their two sons, Madame Beauguillot (sister of Madame Duparc), and Monsieur Beauguillot (her son.) Mademoiselle Duparc remained in the kitchen to help Marie in serving up the dinner, and only took her place at table after soup had been put on. Her elder brother, after summoning his father home, had not returned to the house.

After the soup had been taken away, and while Marie was sitting at table, during the eating of the second course, young Duparc complained that he felt something gritty between his teeth. His mother made precisely the same remark. Nobody else, however, agreed with them, and the subject was allowed to drop. When the second course was done with, the dessert followed, consisting of a plate of cherries. With the dessert there arrived a visitor, Monsieur Fergant, a relation of Madame Duparc's. This gentleman placed himself at table with the rest of the company.

Meanwhile, the nurse and Marie were making their dinner in the kitchen off the soup which had been specially provided for them—Marie having previously placed the dirty plates and the empty soup-tureen from the dining-room, in the scullery, as usual, to be washed at the proper time. While she and her companion were still engaged over their soup, young Duparc and his mother suddenly burst into the kitchen, followed by the other persons who had partaken of the dinner.

"We are all poisoned!" cried Madame Duparc, in the greatest terror. "Good heavens! I smell burnt arsenic in the kitchen!"

Monsieur Fergant, the visitor, hearing these last words, politely stepped forward to echo them.

"Burnt arsenic, beyond a doubt," said Monsieur Fergant. When this gentleman was subsequently questioned on the subject, it may not be amiss to mention that he was quite unable to say what burnt arsenic smelt like. Neither is it altogether out of place to inquire how Madame Duparc happened to be so amazingly apt at discovering the smell of burnt arsenic? The answer to the question does not seem easy to discover.

Having settled that they were all poisoned, and having even found out (thanks to those two intelligent amateur chemists, Madame Duparc and Monsieur Fergant) the very nature of the deadly drug that had been used to destroy them, the next thing the company naturally thought of was the necessity of summoning medical help. Young Monsieur Beauguillot obligingly ran off (it was apparently a very mild case of poisoning, so far as he was concerned) to the apothecary's shop, and fetched, not the apprentice this time, but the master. The master, Monsieur Thierry, arrived in great haste, and found the dinner-eaters all complaining of nausea and pains in the stomach. He naturally asked what they had eaten. The reply was that they had eaten nothing but soup.

This was, to say the least of it, rather an unaccountable answer. The company had had for dinner, beside soup, a second course of boiled meat and ragout of beef, and a dessert of cherries. Why was this plain fact concealed? Why was the apothecary's attention to be fixed exclusively on the soup? Was it because the tureen was empty, and because the alleged smell of burnt arsenic might be accounted for on the theory that the remains of the soup brought from the dining-room had been thrown on the kitchen fire? But no remains of soup came down—it had been all consumed by the guests. And what is still more remarkable, the only person in the kitchen (excepting Marie and the nurse) who could not discover the smell of burnt arsenic, was the person of all others who was professionally qualified to find it out first—the apothecary himself.

After examining the tureen and the plates, and stirring up the wood ashes on the fire, and making no sort of discovery, Monsieur Thierry turned to Marie, and asked if she could account for what had happened. She simply replied that she knew nothing at all about it; and, thereupon, her mistress and the rest of the persons present all overwhelmed her together with a perfect torrent of questions. The poor girl, terrified by the hubbub, worn out by a sleepless night and by the hard work and agitation of the day preceding it, burst into an hysterical fit of tears, and was ordered out of the kitchen to lie down and recover herself. The only person who showed her the least pity, and offered her the slightest attention, was a servant girl like herself, who lived next door, and who stole up to the room in which she was weeping alone, with a cup of warm milk and water to comfort her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Answers to Correspondents.

FRIEND (Harney, Pa.) asks: "Can you tell me how many papers, including county papers, there are published in the United States? Will my Metagram be published? There are about five thousand newspapers published in the country. Your Metagram is accepted.

F. R. B. (Ann Arbor, Mich.,) writes: "What is the best way to remove ink stains from paper without injuring it?" Recent writing can be completely removed by oxymuriatic acid, concentrated and in solution. The paper must be washed repeatedly with the acid, and afterwards with lime water to remove what acid is left, which would weaken the paper. If long written, use sulphuret of ammonia before using the acid. Use a hair pencil to wash the writing.

C. M. B., (South Bend, Ind.) writes: "How far has a cannon been known to throw a ball? What was the weight of the ball thrown, also the weight of the charge of powder, and the weight of cannon? I had a dispute with a person about it. I said that I had heard that a cannon ball had been thrown nine miles. He said that one never had been thrown more than five miles. I do not mean at a target simply, but the longest distance a ball ever got from the gun, fired by a charge of powder." Your friend is much nearer right than yourself, though not quite so. We advise you to put no faith in the nine-mile story. The Armstrong rifled 35-pounder is, in this respect, the most effective gun yet made. It has thrown a 92-pound ball a distance of 8½ miles, with a 5 pound charge of powder. The cannon weighs 28 cwt.

R. D., (Barclay, Minn.) writes: "I want to know how far it is from New York to the West Indies, and to the East Indies." The distance from New York to the West Indies is about 1400 miles. To the East Indies, in a direct line, it is about 11,000 miles; but by way of the Cape of Good Hope it is about twice this distance.

M. R., (Newville, Pa.) asks: "Will you please answer a few questions for me, through the correspondents' column? Has Elizabeth Wetherill written any books besides the 'Wide, Wide World?' If she has, what are the titles?" She has written a number of other books. Some of the titles are, "Melbourne House, Daisy, Hills of the Shatemuc, Queechy, Say and Seal, Old Helmet, &c.

ENO GEORGE writes: "I would call your attention again to the question, Does the gentleman precede the lady in entering a church, or not? In the Post of April 13th you replied to this question, 'Permit the lady to enter first.' In the Post, April 20th, 'The gentleman should precede.' Of course, these answers are directly opposite. Some time ago Mr. Bonner, in the N. Y. Ledger, replied to the same query, 'The lady should enter first.' I do not like to appear to you officious, but, once for all, would like to have a positive answer to this question. It seems to me that the gentleman should enter first and find the lady a seat. I await your final decision." We print your remarks, though persuaded that if you had examined our answers a little more closely you would have been saved the trouble of making them. You say, "of course, these two answers are directly opposite." There is no such necessity in the matter. We have not the numbers of the Post mentioned at hand just now, but our recollection of the questions is as follows: The first question was, "Should the gentleman open the church door and permit the lady to enter first?" To this we answered in the affirmative. The second question referred to who should precede in passing up the aisles of the church. At least, that was the way we understood it. In this case it is not necessary for either to precede, but if either does it should be the gentleman. In entering the pew the gentleman again opens the door and allows the lady to enter first. We do not perceive the difficulty which you have found in this matter, and decline to take either horn of the dilemma, as there is so easy a mode of escape between the horns.

MERCHANT (Victoria, Texas,) says: "In your answers to correspondents please give your decision on the following—There is a concern in Galveston, named W. H. Sellers. The firm consists of W. H. Sellers and W. L. Thomas. Now in addressing the house which is proper, Mr. W. H. Sellers, or Messrs. W. H. Sellers. You will oblige a subscriber by answering." When a firm advertises its business, and is known to its customers, under the name of one member of the firm, it might reasonably be asked how its correspondents are to know that this single name covers a plurality of individuals. In such a case the most of their letters must be addressed Mr. even if this form were incorrect. Again, even if you are aware of the fact that the firm contains two partners, you should not thrust your knowledge before their eyes, when they themselves give no public notice of the fact. Thirdly, Wm. H. Sellers is the name of a single individual, and cannot correctly have a plural prefix.

N. H. (French Mountain, New York,) writes: "Will you please give a reader of your valuable paper a little advice? Two years ago I came to America, having a wife and three children, and only one pound in my pocket on landing in New York. I got about one hundred miles from New York, where I am at the present time. I can only get work about five months in the year, so that I cannot get a living and clothe my family. Not having any money, and, still worse, no work to do, whereby to get any, I came to you for advice, hoping that you can tell me where I can find steady employment." We are sorry to hear cases of this kind, and would be glad to relieve them, were it in our power. But our correspondent should know that it would be impossible for us, with our multifarious duties to undertake to provide employment for all parties who may desire us to do so. In this case we have not the most remote idea of W. H.'s ability, or his special line of employment. But even if we had we could do nothing for him. We usually decline to print letters of this character, as no good can come of it, but make room for this with the hope that some of our readers may be enabled to employ the questioner. There is certainly work enough for all in this country if the men and the work can be brought together.

SAPPHO (Marion, Ill.) writes: "Please inform me who, what, and where is or was Dolly Varden. If I pick up a paper or magazine of any kind, the first thing I see is Dolly Varden. There is D. V. this, that and the other. Such as D. V. Hats, Boots, Parasols, Jewelry, etc., etc. Now I want to know something about this young lady (for I judge by the name that she is a lady and of course young), and why her name is given to all and every article of ladies' dress. By giving me some information on this point you will much oblige." We answered your question in a previous number of the Post. In case you may not have seen our reply, we repeat that Dolly Varden is a prominent character in Dickens's novel of Barnaby Rudge. She is loved by an apprentice to her father, and his comical manner of displaying his love and jealousy adds much to the humor of the work. The Dolly Varden style at present in vogue is so named from the fact that she appears in the engravings in a similar style of dress. As to applying the name to other articles, that is one of the idiosyncrasies of the American people. There will be an engraving of this celebrated young lady in the June number of the Lady's Friend, and all who have not yet made her acquaintance should not lose the opportunity to do so.

CONTRIBUTOR AND SCOLVER writes: "If you will not take it as presumption in me, I would suggest, that you call the attention of your mathematical contributors to the difference between the terms product and sum or amount; the improper use of which sometimes gives much trouble to the solvers of the weekly Problems." Product signifies the result of a multiplication; sum or amount refers rather to addition. It is often important to use such words in their precise sense.

C. V. S., (Jerseyville, Ill.) says: "If a gentleman has been paying strict attention to a young lady for some time, has he a right to spend evenings with other ladies and accompany them to various places of amusement? 2d. If a gentleman writes a letter to a lady, how long before the lady should answer? 3d. If a gentleman has been paying some attention to a lady, and goes away for a few months, and requests the lady not to go with other gentlemen, ought she to do so or not? 4th. What is your opinion of my writing?" 1st. Certainly. Paying attention to a lady does not make him her slave. 2d. She must be governed by her own judgment, discretion, and inclination. 3d. It depends on what answer she has made to his request. Very few ladies would feel bound by such a request, unless in the case of betrothal. 4th. You write very well.

PUMPKIN AND SQUASH ask: "Will you please inform us how money is procured from the money manufacturers? If when leaving a store the storekeeper invites you to call again, what should you answer? Does the Calla Lily have seeds, and if so, where can they be procured? How old must a girl be when she is a young lady? What colors are most suitable for a sallow complexioned person? What do you think of our handwriting for girls between twelve and fourteen?" Money passes from the Treasury into the hands of the numerous creditors of the government, and thus gets into circulation. It is also loaned by the National banks to their customers. A simple "Thank you" is sufficient reply to such a request from a storekeeper, and leaves you at liberty to go as you please. All plants have seeds, but the Calla Lily is usually grown from the bulb. When a girl is old enough to be classed with young ladies, she will prove it by her general demeanor. We know of no other test. Red and black best suit a sallow skin. We cannot judge the handwriting of a pencilled epistle. Write to the press only with plain black ink.

H. N. H. (Florence, O.,) asks: "How are raisins made from grapes? I raise a good many, and think the Delaware would make a passable substitute for the raisin grape. I would like to know the process." There are two methods of preparing raisins. The first consists in cutting partially through the stem of the ripened bunches, and allowing them to shrink and dry on the vine by the heat of the sun. These are the better sort, and are called sun-raisins, or Muscatels. In the other method they are gathered and hung on lines, or laid on prepared floors to dry in the sun. When dry they are dipped in a hot lye made of wood ashes, with a pint of olive oil and a quarter pound of salt to four gallons of the dissolved alkali. They are afterward drained and exposed to the sun for a fortnight.

LULU (Cedar Springs) and VINA (Madison, Ind.,) are each so fortunate as to have coins in their possession; which is more than can be said by many of their fellow citizens. Lulu has an English four-cent piece, dated 1806, with Queen Anne's stamp upon it. Vina has a one-cent copper British coin, date 1750, and two American quarter dollars dated 1805 and 1815 respectively. We are unable to give any information as to their value to collectors, particularly as there are no English four and one cent coins. The cent is solely an American coin. If the above-mentioned coins have any fictitious value perhaps some of our readers may be able to tell us what they are worth.

K. W.—Your poem, Ocalus, is respectfully declined.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

## RIDDLER.

*Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc.,* **must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.**

**All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.**

### Anagrams.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

*Names of U. S. Congressmen.*

1. Crept near.
2. R. Hemans.
3. Romance.
4. Her arm.
5. All month.
6. Arm hunt.
7. Yes, war.
8. Anglo.

*Stillwater, Minn.* GAHMEW.

### ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The name of a famous Oriental Idol, to which the lives of scores of children and adults are annually sacrificed, sounds like the question asked of himself by a drunkard who has half a mind to stop his evil courses and become an honorable man once more; while the answer he ought to give, becomes, by the addition of a single letter, a term frequently used in speaking of matrimony. What is the question, and what the answer he ought to give. F. E. F.

### Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two circles whose radii are to each other as 1 is to 3; the area of the lesser circle is 28.2744 square feet. What is the volume of a triangular pyramid whose base is one half of a square inscribed in the greater circle, and whose altitude is that of a cube having that square for a face?

*Royalton, N. Y.* H. O. SIBLEY.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman has a quadrilateral field, whose sides are in harmonical proportion. Its perimeter is 176 rods, and the sum of the first and third side is equal to the fourth. The first side bears due east, the second due south. Required the area of the field, and the length of each side.

E. P. NORTON.

*Allen, Hillsdale, Co., Mich.*

### CONUNDRUMS.

Why are lovers like turnips? Because they are often *paired.*

When does a man overcome the inertia of an inanimate object? When he makes an umbrella stand.

Why is it called "the sea of literature?" Because all new books are outward bound.

Can you spell consent in three letters. Y-e-s.

### ANSWERS TO LAST.

BURIED STATES.

1. Delaware.
2. Georgia.
3. Illinois.
4. Indiana.
5. Virginia.
6. Kentucky.
7. Minnesota.
8. Missouri.
9. Maine.
10. Ohio.
11. Iowa.
12. Vermont.

WORD SQUARE.

P O S T
O T H O
S H A M
T O M E

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer."—Proverbs, 30 chap., 25 verse. ENIGMA—Henry Peterson.

## RECEIPTS.

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.—One quart flour, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 large cup sour cream or very rich "koppered" milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful white sugar, 1 teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water, 1 salt-spoonful salt. Proceed in mixing and baking as with the huckleberry short-cake, except that, instead of putting the berries between the crust, you lay one sheet of paste smoothly upon the other, and bake until done. While warm, not hot, separate these. They will come apart easily, just where they were joined. Lay upon the lower a thick coating, several deep, of strawberries; sprinkle powdered sugar among and over them; cover with the upper crust. It is best to bake strawberry short-cake in round jelly-cake tins, or round pans, a little deeper than these, as they should be sent to table whole, while the hot short-cake is generally cut into square slices, and piled upon a plate. Strawberry short-cake is esteemed a great delicacy in its season. It is eaten at tea, cut into triangles, like pie, and sweet cream poured over each slice, with more sugar sifted over it, if desired.

PICKLED CHERRIES.—Take the largest and finest red cherries, fully ripe. Morellas are the best. Either remove the stems entirely, or cut them short, within two inches of the fruit. Have ready a large glass jar. Fill it two-thirds with fresh, newly-gathered cherries, and then fill up to the top with the vinegar. Keep it well covered, and if both fruit and vinegar are of excellent quality, no boiling is necessary, and no spice, as the cherry flavor will be retained, and they will not shrivel.

CURRANT AND RASPBERRY ICE.—1 quart red currants, 1 pint raspberries, red or white, 1 pint water, 1½ pint sugar. Squeeze out the juice, mix in the sugar and water, and freeze.

STRAWBERRY OR RASPBERRY ICE.—1 quart berries. Extract the juice, and strain. 1 pint sugar, dissolved in the juice. 1 lemon, juice only. ½ pint of water.

PINEAPPLE ICE.—1 juicy, ripe pineapple, peeled and cut small. Juice and grated peels of one lemon. 1 pint of sugar. 1 pint of water, or a little less. Strew the sugar over the pineapple, and let it stand an hour. Mash all up together, and strain out the syrup through a hair sieve. Add the water, and freeze.

GARDEN LABELS.—In the garden, stakes and labels are often needed for the purpose of designating rows of fruit trees, new varieties of corn or potatoes, flower-beds, vegetables, &c. Nothing is so good for this purpose as shellac varnish, into which a little lamp-black has been well worked. Such paint will continue legible for years, and it is also the best mixture for use in marking barrels, boxes, bales of goods, &c.

☞ A Boston woman recently tried to commit suicide because her dearest friend's engagement ring was a cluster, and her own only a solitaire.